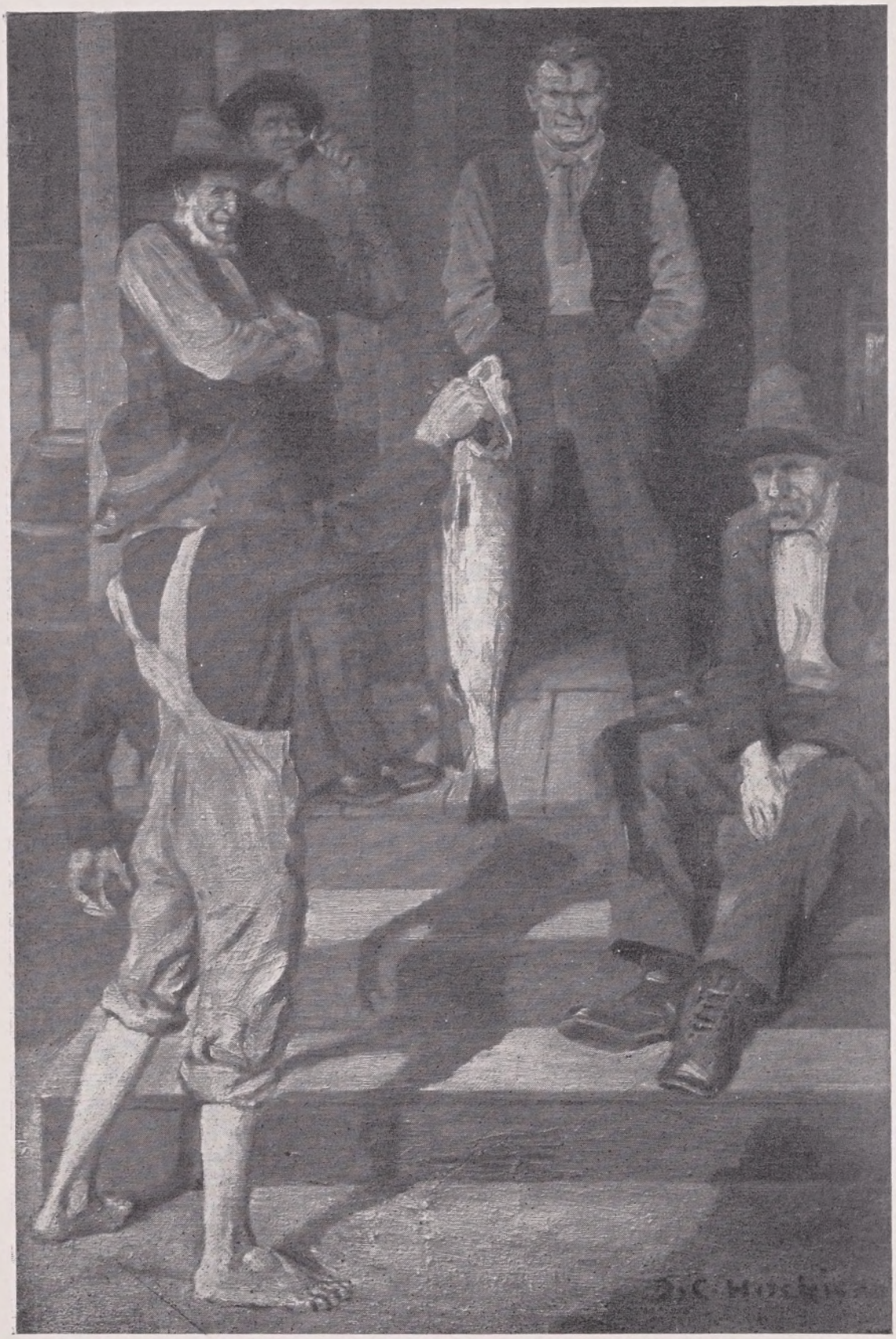
CAPTAIN PETE OF PUGET SOUND

JAMES COOPER WHEELER



THE SALE PROCEEDED AMID MERRY BANTER.

CAPTAIN PETE OF PUGET SOUND

BY

JAMES COOPER WHEELER

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

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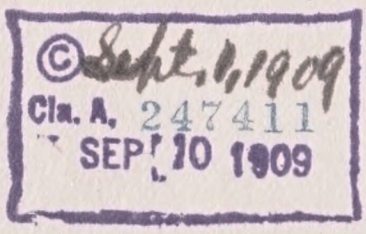

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Captain Pete of Puget Sound

CHAPTER ONE

CAPTAIN PETE was well known through the San Juan archipelago in 18—. He was a sturdy pony-built boy of fourteen years, whose quick, dark eyes, sallow skin, and mercurial temperament indicated his mixed ancestry. His father, a French sailor named Edward Graignic, had bought a piece of land on one of these beautiful islands years before, and now made a living by fishing. Like many of the San Juan settlers, Graignic had married an Indian woman, or Klootchman, as the Siwash females are called on Puget Sound, and reared a brood of dusky young half-breeds which taxed the resources of his shack on Waldron island, and made him—for he was conscientious according to his lights—more zealous than ever to wrest a competence from his surroundings, that he might give these fledgelings a fair start in the world.

Captain Pete who was the eldest child, and his father's mainstay, had inherited the marvelous patience, and dogged perseverance of his mother's

race, combined with the brightness and energy of his father's, so that he grew up a boy of rare and engaging personality though he was a veritable young barbarian, who had never visited a large town, or seen the most common appliances of higher civilization. There were no schools near, but his father taught him to read and write, and he could handle the big sail boat which was used in fishing—even in a storm—as well as Graignic himself. He could bait the hooks, and put out the cod and halibut lines, and do a man's work in the various avocations that go to make up the details of a life on the frontier, where it must be remembered, most of the conveniences as well as the luxuries of existence are unknown; where the barest necessaries must be wrested from the clutch of Nature, and the raw material surrounding the settlers be converted into food, and raiment, and shelter.

In the summer season Captain Pete helped his father net herring, and taking a bushel or two of the little fish off to the large decked fishing sloop, named the Tyee (Indian for chief) he would cut them into inch-long pieces for bait, and when this was done overhaul the great set-line, hundreds of feet in length, and strung with hooks on short bits of line every three feet, baiting them with a palatable morsel of herring to allure the victim. When the line was carefully coiled in a huge heap in the middle of the deck with the floats attached, Captain

Pete and his father would hoist the great sail of the Tyee, and flit silently away over the green waters, between the fresh and smiling islands that dotted them like flowers, to a favorite fishing ground both knew full well, and were reticent about. There they would put out the line, and in a few hours return with a boat almost laden with great halibut, or long, lean, vicious-looking black cod, and chunky, broad-shouldered, goggle-eyed red cod. These were not always all; sometimes a horrible devilfish, or an unwieldy, diabolical skate would become entangled on the hooks, or a young shark, or a fierce dogfish would be among the capture. I suspect that Ed Graignic, who had real ability in concerns pertaining to cookery, and was encouraged by his squaw wife's adaptability in the matter of eating, allowed none of these fishes to go to waste; and no doubt devilfish soup, and skate entrées, and fried or broiled shark steak were not infrequent dishes on the Graignic bill of fare.

After the catch, Captain Pete would go to sell the fish, of course in the Tyee, for in the San Juan archipelago a fish cart would be badly handicapped. All the little towns that had grown up in that happy county were on different islands, and necessarily situated where they could have steamboat communications with the mainland.

Sometimes the Captain would be accompanied by his father, but generally not, for he was perfectly

competent to go alone. In the latter case, he would leave Waldron island, which was the northernmost one of the county, for these islands form a county, and come down to East Sound on Orcas island, in which delightful summer village he found many customers. From here Captain Pete's route bore away to Friday Harbor, the quaint little town on San Juan island which is the county seat. When he moored his boat at the dock, and started up Spring street, which takes its name from a large spring between Martin Rethlefsen's house on one side, and the Islander newspaper office on the other, he stopped at Joe Sweeney's store. Joe, the big, jolly Irishman, who made a fortune trading with the Indians in the early days, and rumor says, has more than one smuggled cargo of opium on his conscience, is the magnate of the county town, and one of the Captain's best customers. He came out of his store as he saw the little fishmonger, his burly shoulders scraping the door posts.

"Halloo! Captain," he called, his bright gray eyes a-twinkle with fun, "I smelt your fish before you got on the wharf! They're pretty strong today! Why don't you let 'em pack you, instead of you packing them?"

Captain Pete's dark eyes lit up with a flash that gleamed across his swarthy face like a sudden ray of sunlight on a forest pool. He knew the genial Irishman's mode of dealing, and never expected to sell him without plenty of chaff, although it by

no means always went only one way, for the frontier boy-captain had plenty of wit and humor sewed up in his own rugged little head.

"You were in the store, and must have got a whiff of some of your own stale stock, sir," he replied.

The bystanders smiled, and the sale proceeded amid merry banter until the two fish were disposed of, and Captain Pete, jingling some coin in his brown hand, returned to the Tyee for more of his wares.

It happened that Tom Fisher was an interested spectator of the interview between Captain Pete and Joe Sweeney. His father was Major Fisher, who had come from Cheyenne, Wyoming, to Port Townsend not long before, where he had received an appointment in the customs service. He was a shrewd man who had made a good record in the civil war, and studying law afterward, he had settled in the growing prairie city of Cheyenne, and become a political power there. His active energies, and capacity as an organizer had been promptly recognized by his party, and led to this mission in the new state of Washington, where his duties consisted apparently as much in working for the interests of the administration, as in gathering evidence against, and hunting down the numerous bands of smugglers which haunted Puget Sound in those days, and plied among the islands of the San Juan archipelago, which lies almost in the mouth

of that magnificent inland sea. In fact Victoria, the largest city in British Columbia on Vancouver island, is not twenty miles from the western shore of San Juan island, and about here the archipelago is such an intricate maze, that only those who have made a close study of the passages can find their way in daylight, while in the darkness, even smugglers and islanders—terms frequently synonymous—are sometimes at a loss.

To come back to Tom Fisher: He was a tall, slim, but active and well set-up youth of sixteen years of age. His high brow, and clear cut aquiline features, indicated that he was above average, and in fact Tom was an unusually intelligent and wide-awake boy, who though so young, had already developed many traits that contributed to his father's success in life, and in particular, he was a keen judge of character, and had learned many lessons that boys bred among different associations have no conception of at his age. His father had brought him to Friday Harbor to spend his vacation.

When Pete came back carrying two more fish by the gills, Tom strolled in the aimless way peculiar to Friday Harbor people—and others who dwell in small villages—with him up Spring street.

"That's a pretty nice boat of yours, Captain Pete," he remarked.

"You bet you!" answered the captain, "she's

named the Tyee, and she *is* the tyee of anything among the islands."

Tom did not quite comprehend this, but he saw that the answer referred to some significance in the name, so he promptly asked:

"What does Tyee mean, anyhow?"

Captain Pete was somewhat surprised that such a knowing looking chap should not understand so common a word, but he affably replied:

"Why, chief, you know! Tyee is Injun for chief."

The enlightened Tom laughed, and said:

"I guess you got the boat's name wrong, for chief is male, and the boat is a female; at least you just called it 'she.' "

Pete saw the point like a flash, and rejoined:

" Well, she's a chief's daughter, anyhow, and the best of all her tribe. She can sail faster, and lie closer than anything that ever came to these parts."

"I'd mighty well like to have a sail on her, for she looks like a daisy," remarked Tom, his face full of animation.

Now Pete was mightily taken with Tom, for he liked the "cut of his jib," and this last observation was the very opening he wanted.

"See here!" he exclaimed, "why don't you come along with me the rest of the trip, and to-night you can stop at our shack, and if you'd visit us two or three days I know father'd be proud to have you.

When you get tired, I'll run you back to Friday Harbor in no time on the Tyee."

To say that Tom was pleased with this hearty invitation from the boy captain would not do half justice to his feelings in the matter. He was interested in the fisher lad's personality, and delighted with his boat; but the prospect of going on such a trip as was proposed, and seeing the home of a Puget Sound fisherman, filled him with joy.

"Come up to the hotel, Captain Pete," said he, "and we'll see my father, and ask him if I can go. If he says all right, there's nothing I should like better."

The captain went down for some black cod, having a standing order to supply fish to Pat Welsh, the hotel keeper, and they hurried to the hotel.

Major Fisher and his wife were on the piazza as the two boys appeared on the rise before the entrance to the building.

"Tom seems to have picked up a new acquaintance," observed the revenue officer with an amused smile.

Mrs. Fisher, whose first experience it was on the frontier, and whose associations had hitherto been among the more cultivated classes of metropolitan life, viewed Captain Pete's stumpy figure, dirty hands, and dangling fish with humorous horror, and ejaculated:

"Merciful Heavens! What a frightfully dirty and shabby boy!"

But Tom gave a joyous shout, and grasping Pete by the arm, hurried him, utterly unconscious of anything incongruous in his appearance, to the immediate presence of the dainty lady and her husband. She drew her skirt somewhat closer, away from the contamination of Pete's fishy boots, but when she saw the boy captain's bright, steadfast, sunburnt face, she acknowledged his salutation with a smile that won the lad's heart. He realized that he had never been in so sweet and gracious a presence before, and thought of his own dusky and stolid mother with a vague and confused sense of humiliation that he could not quite understand, or make seem right.

When Tom had explained about Pete's invitation, and his eagerness to accept it, his father turned to the captain and asked:

"Are you sure your father and mother would enjoy Tom's visit as much as you would yourself, Captain Pete?"

It was one of Pete's peculiarities that he looked everybody square in the eye, and as the major watched his face he thought he had never seen a more sincere and indomitable expression than that of this Puget Sound fisher boy.

"Yes, sir," answered Pete, "father is always glad to have company, and I am sure he will make any friend of mine welcome."

"Will it be safe to let those two youngsters go off together on that horrid boat?" queried Tom's

mother, who certainly did not entertain the same feelings of admiration toward the Tyee that her son did.

"Why," answered the major, "I have heard of this boy captain before, my dear, and he is said to be a very skillful sailor, as well as steady and industrious. I think the trip will do Tom good, and the two boys will do each other no harm. So away with you, Tom, and get your fishing rod and gun, and look out that Captain Pete don't beat you in using them."

As the boys scampered away to Tom's room, Major Fisher remarked:

"Lydia, that is a great team. I have seldom seen two boys more fitted to make their way in the world, and although Tom is much the best looking, I am not at all sure he will make the better man. The little captain is heart of oak, and has the stuff in him to overcome obstacles. Poor lad, he has many in his path," he added musingly, as he thought of the narrowness of the boy's life, and the material difficulties to be encountered before the half-breed youth could achieve Success.

CHAPTER TWO

THERE was a brisk and steady breeze as Captain Pete hauled in the sheet, and took the tiller of the Tyee, and she tossed her head gaily into the short crisp waves as Tom shook his handkerchief to the receding figures of his father and mother on the wharf.

As Pete had disposed of his fish in Friday Harbor there was no need of his going on to Argyle, and Roche Harbor. So he bore away towards Waldron island with a flowing sheet, and a free wind on the Tyee's quarter.

As soon as the captain had made everything snug the two boys took their places in the stern sheets—Pete with the tiller in his hand—and began to chatter. It was a case of mutual liking, and the fact that they were dissimilar in many of their characteristics only tended, perhaps, to intensify the feeling into impulsive and cordial friendship.

Pete, tho' reticent in habit of mind, and inclined to be undemonstrative of manner, was in his secret consciousness, very deeply impressed with the gallant bearing of the fair-haired Tom, whose demeanor was so engaging, and who with his father and delicate lady mother, seemed to belong to another and totally different world from the hard-

working and struggling one in which he had been reared. He felt yearnings in his own rugged little heart to be more like Tom, that would have been envy, had the boy been less loyal to his own surroundings. He tried to smother a certain sense of inferiority that he could not help feeling, and sturdily thought that after all, perhaps this young prince's circumstances were not so much better than his own.

On his part, Tom did not for a moment suspect the turn his companion's thoughts were taking. On the contrary, he was feeling that Captain Pete was a little hero to be able at his age to make part of the family living, and that he himself would mightily like to be so capable, and steady, and industrious as his young half-breed friend.

But if these were at first the secret thoughts of the two boys, their conversation was far from showing any trace of them. They talked of the boat, the weather, fishing, until at last they settled to the congenial topic of smuggling, and while they are so engaged, I must tell the reader more of this island county of Puget Sound through which the Tyee was bearing the two boy friends.

It is a beautiful region, and probably unique; at least I know of no similar stretch of territory that constitutes a county. There are several hundreds of islands in it, some eighteen or twenty miles from end to end, like San Juan, Orcas, and Lopez, down to tiny dots on the water, hardly large enough to

swing a cat in. They are all, however, fertile in soil, luxuriant in vegetation, and wrapped in a romantic atmosphere that makes them charming alike to the visitor, and the dweller within their limits. The very thought of an island suggests Romance. Paul and Virginia lived and loved on one. Robinson Crusoe would not have been so fascinating—as Defoe well knew—had he been cast away on the Mainland. The Pirates, with an instinctive sense of fitness, chose them to bury their treasure in; and the sweetest and most lovable of story-tellers, Robert Louis Stevenson, had to stifle the yearnings of an unsatisfied imagination until he broke away from the fetters and restraints of continental life, and created his Island Home.

Judge then the spell that hung over these story-haunted isles that summer day as the Tyee bore Captain Pete and Tom Fisher past their shores, and through the cramped and winding channels which divided them. Here was one, the Isle of Flowers, a dot of glowing hue an acre in extent, girdled with a white beach, and stained with color from the myriads of wild flowers springing up, and almost subduing the greenness of the verdure amid which they grew. Now another is passed; a mere clump of giant fir trees rearing lofty heads two hundred feet toward the sun. In the center of this islet is a tumble-down log house, in a small clearing concealed from the water front. Tradition says that not many years ago a hermit Englishman had his

abode here away from the haunts of men, until accident revealed to him that Death had left him the head of his family, when he sadly and lingeringly left his Home in the Wilderness, and returned to England to take up the burdens that his birth imposed upon him.

Again they glide past an almost hidden cove, which the captain points out to Tom as a favorite haunt of the smugglers. This interests Tom greatly; and amid the sunshine, and gliding safely over the rippling waters, his fancy wandered away; he saw the trim, swift sloop, or stealthy canoe, darting thro' these tortuous passages amid the darkness and swirl of the midnight storm. Crafty tho' bold, alert as well as reckless, the crew detect the presence of the revenue patrol long before their own low-lying craft is sighted, and slink furtively into some hidden bay like this. Here they hastily *cache* or hide the opium in a convenient nook, and coming out again, boldly face the officers of the law with a counterfeit presentment of being hardy and honest fishermen, or ranchers going from one island to another. Then the danger past, they unearth the pernicious drug, and continue their voyage to the Mainland, where some moon-faced, pig-tailed Celestial receives the contraband cargo, and stores it away in some hiding place ingeniously constructed, and so inaccessible that only he who hid could find.

While talking of such affairs as have been

described above, the Tyee came to a narrow inlet between two of the islands, and with the remark that "that pass would shorten their journey" Pete hauled in his sheet, and bore up to it.

It was very narrow—not over two hundred feet wide—and the high banks of the adjacent islands, crowned with lofty firs, shut out the western sun, and laid the swift and swirling waters black in shadow.

The somber impressiveness of the scene kept both boys silent, and when about the middle of the passage, the captain suddenly nudged Tom with his foot in a warning manner—in spite of his innocence and good nerves—he nearly jumped out of his skin.

What he saw when he turned his eyes in the direction Pete was gazing, did not tend to still the beating of his heart. There, on a little sand-spit, edging a tiny cove, was a flat-bottomed schooner, long, and narrow, partly in the water, and partly out, having apparently been left thus by the receding tide. A rough looking man was sitting motionless on the bitts at the bow with a rifle across his knees. He stared silently at the boys as the Tyee drifted rapidly past, and then they noticed a smoke in among the trees, and saw that several other men were crouching by a camp fire in perfect stillness.

Tom's face grew pale as Pete whispered:

"Smugglers, by Gum! Keep quiet, and may be they won't stop us."

"All right," he breathed softly. "Thunder! Don't I wish my father was here!"

Pete nudged him softly again as an admonition to silence, and the Tyee slid noiselessly on. A few minutes more, and they came out into the open Sound again, and both drew a long breath.

"Jewhillikens!" exclaimed Tom, "I wonder what they were up to?"

"I think they were running a cargo of coolies," answered Pete, "I am sure I saw one in the bush."

Tom knew that since the law restricting Chinese Immigration had been passed, desperate men in the Northwest had made a business of "running" Chinamen across the United States' border in defiance of the statute, and customs authorities, and that the traffic was very profitable to the outlaws engaged in it. In fact, they received as much as $50 or $75 a head for smuggling the pig-tailed rascals into a colony of their own countrymen in Port Townsend, or Seattle, where their likeness to one another made it impossible for even the keen-eyed officers of the law to distinguish a new arrival from an old resident.

As soon as the boys had calmed a little from their excitement, Tom began to think.

"Pete!" he burst out abruptly, "how long would it take us to get back to Friday Harbor without going through that Pass again?"

The captain's black eyes stuck out at the suddenness of the question, and then as he realized its

drift, they flashed with quick fire. He looked to windward, and said slowly:

"The wind has freshened, and hauled ahead some, so we would have it almost abeam, and the tide's beginning to make. In half an hour it will be strong in our favor. The Tyee can do it in an hour and a quarter, if I steer small."

"Put her about!" commanded Tom, in great excitement, "my father will pay you more money for this than you would make selling a dozen loads of fish, Captain Pete!"

"Hurrah! Ready about!" shouted Pete, as he put his helm down, and in a moment the fleet sloop was flying in the opposite direction.

Major Fisher and his wife were on Sweeney's wharf watching the sun sink slowly and majestically to its rest as the Tyee dashed up. In an instant Tom appeared with the suddenness of a Jack-in-a-box before his father, and had already begun his story in an excited tone, when the major, whose quick mind and knowledge of the situation among these islands made him realize that the boy was in possession of some important news, put his hand on Tom's shoulder, and glancing at some village loiterers on the dock, said quietly:

"Let us go up to the hotel. And you had better ask Captain Pete to come along."

Tom comprehended in a twinkle and pulled himself together. Then calling Pete in a casual way

to come with him, they went to the hotel, while the major, giving his arm to Mrs. Fisher, leisurely followed.

The major took his wife into the hotel parlor, and went up to his bedroom with the two lads.

"Now then, boys," he said, "tell me the whole story."

Tom narrated circumstantially how they had come upon the smugglers' boat, and his father, who was serious and keenly interested, turned to Captain Pete, and asked:

"Have you ever seen the boat before, Captain Pete?"

"No, sir," answered he, "but I think she was the Nonesuch, and I am almost sure that was Bill Kelley who had the gun in the bow."

"How do you know? Have you ever seen Bill Kelley?"

"Yes, sir. Once Dad pointed him out to me at Guemes island when we were hunting. But he was dressed differently, and I couldn't swear to him sure."

The major reflected. He knew that Kelley was a bold smuggler who lived on one of the small islands near the mainland of Skagit country, at the eastern end of the San Juan archipelago, and that he was constantly making runs of opium and Chinamen through the islands on his swift schooner the Nonesuch. This craft had been specially built for the business, and answered to the description Pete

had given of the one they had seen, for it was 45 feet over all, and of only 9 feet beam, with a low cabin, and painted lead color so that it could not be readily seen at a distance. It had a center-board, and flat bottom too, and could be easily run up on a sandy beach without injury, which was a great convenience in her business.

On the whole, it seemed to the major highly probable Captain Pete was right, and the boat that he had seen was the Nonesuch, with Bill Kelley in command. If so, he concluded there was no reason for them lying hidden away as described by the boys, unless they were engaged in some transaction unsanctioned by the law.

"What is the name of this inlet?" he asked Pete, "and where is it?"

"We call it Dog-fish Pass, and it is between two small islands that bear due west from the southernmost point of Orcas. It isn't often that anyone goes thro' it, sir, and I wouldn't myself except when the tide is pretty near flood, because there are two boulders in the stream as big as a house that stick clear out of water when the ebb is running."

This information decided the major, and he said:

"You two boys remain here until I return, which will be very shortly."

He went down at once to Doctor Sloggett's drug store, and there he found Lieutenant Higgins, who had been stationed by the custom's authorities at Friday Harbor in command of the little revenue

launch ignominiously christened the "Black Pup" by the islanders, partly because she was housed in with tarpaulin, and partly from a general belief—pretty well justified by fact—in her inefficiency. With this tiny craft, whose utmost speed was six miles an hour, the lieutenant spent his time cruising about the archipelago, entirely successful in overhauling pleasure parties, and others who did not need it, and laughed at openly by the smugglers, who were invariably warned by the noisy puffing of the "Pup" in plenty of time to hide or get away.

Lieutenant Higgins, however, was a shrewd and alert officer, and although he was so badly handicapped in his efforts by his miserable boat, he had on several occasions made important captures, and was both feared and respected by the lawless crew with whom he had to contend.

When Major Fisher quietly called him one side, and told him the information the boys had brought, he was ready for action at once. The result of the consultation between the two was that the lieutenant went to where the Black Pup was lying, and summoned the three sailors detailed to assist him at this station. He had them quietly arm themselves, and led them over to Sweeney's wharf. It was now dark, and in a moment Major Fisher and the two boys came from the hotel, and the whole party embarked in the Tyee, and slipped away from the dock unnoticed.

CHAPTER THREE

"NOW boys," said Major Fisher when they were fairly under way, "we are going to try and capture those fellows you saw in Dog-fish Pass this afternoon. And Captain Pete, I now hire your boat for the United States government, and will pay you at the rate of $10 an hour for her"—here Pete hauled out his silver bull's-eye to make sure of the time they had started—"and I will pay you from the moment you turned back to let me know you had seen Kelley. We take you along with us because it is your boat, and after we make the capture, the Black Pup will come up, and we will go back in her while you continue your cruise in the Tyee. We are going to put you ashore when we reach the inlet, so that you won't be in the way if there should happen to be a scrimmage, which Lieutenant Higgins considers not improbable."

The boys did not like this disposition of them, for they were very anxious to share the glory of the capture, but the major had a decisive way of speaking on these occasions which made it impossible to argue the matter, and they were forced to reconcile themselves to the inevitable.

It was now past eight o'clock, and as the Tyee glided swiftly along, the full moon came up and

marked a broad silvery path over the black waters. They reached the mouth of the Pass in another hour, and the two boys were bundled noiselessly into the dingy that acted as tender to the Tyee. Pete was told to paddle—not row—ashore. They were instructed by the lieutenant to go to the starboard beach, and wait until the Black Pup came up, when they were to pilot the engineer to where the Nonesuch was lying.

Captain Pete, however, did not dip his paddle into the water until the Tyee had drawn well into the mouth of the Pass. Then he paddled vigorously but silently to the port or left-hand islet, which was the one on which the Nonesuch lay, and the smuggler's camp was situated.

"Tom!" he whispered energetically to his surprised companion, "I'm going to see that row. I don't belong to the revenue service, and I ain't under the lieutenant's orders! So here goes for across the island! You'd better stay by the dingy, and hail the Black Pup."

"Not much!" replied Tom, whose blood was all afire, "I'm going with you!"

"No, no!" remonstrated Pete, "or if we both go, we had better separate. We are not so apt to make noise, and get into trouble that way. You go thro' here, and I'll go up further to the west."

Tom was an active and strong boy for his age, but he was no match for Pete in woodcraft. He soon found himself hopelessly bewildered in the

jungle he had attempted to penetrate, and was forced to sit down to get his breath, and try to figure out the proper direction to go.

On the other hand, Pete, whose forest training and Indian ancestry stood him in good stead at this juncture, threaded the maze of tree trunks and underbrush with certainty and celerity. His cat-like foot fell so softly, that in spite of his heavy boots, he did not make the faintest rustle. The island was small, and a short interval of this rapid progress brought the fisher boy to where he could see the sheen of water on the other side. He now stopped, and cautiously took his bearings. Yes, there were the masts of the Nonesuch, and on close inspection he could see her hull lying high and dry on the beach.

The revenue men had calculated that the tide would not serve sufficiently to float the schooner before midnight, and on this fact they based their certainty of finding it in the same spot. What puzzled Pete was that he could see no trace of the crew of the Nonesuch. In his anxiety to discover them he stealthily drew closer and closer to the boat, finally taking off his boots to make more silent progress. This would not have facilitated matters with a city-bred boy, but Pete, who had gone half his life without shoes or stockings, had feet as horny as an animal's hoof.

He crept to the very bows of the boat, and screening himself by the low bulwarks, worked his way

gradually aft. The cabin of the Nonesuch was very low, and came to within nine inches of the rail on either side of the vessel. When Pete reached the break of this cabin he was startled to hear a deep respiration that evidently came from the healthy lungs of a sound sleeper. He instinctively crouched lower, and then warily raised his head above the rail.

There, lying across the cabin doorway, was the form of the man he had seen in the afternoon sitting on the bitts with the rifle across his knee. He had apparently been on watch, for his sinewy right hand still held the gun, and he lay as if he had gradually slipped backwards under the influence of the drowsy deity until he had completely succumbed. Pete could not see or hear anybody else on board, so he concluded that the balance of the crew with the Chinamen were camped on shore in preference to occupying the stuffy cabin. He was thinking it would be a good idea to locate them, when he heard a gentle grating noise to his right, and on turning, saw that the Tyee had just drifted on the beach.

A band of moonlight lay white across the sand by the bow of the Nonesuch, and Captain Pete, who was now all alive, and exerting his wits to the very utmost, stepped promptly into this line of light so that he was plainly visible on board the Tyee. The movement was a hazardous one, but the little fellow knew what he was about, and had plenty of nerve.

Major Fisher and Lieutenant Higgins were nat-

urally very much surprised to see Pete, whom they supposed to be on the other island, standing here in the strip of moonlight by the smuggler's boat with one hand raised in a gesture of evident warning. They had been prepared to make a quick rush with their men to the Nonesuch, and capture her crew in the surprise of the unexpected attack. Now they realized, however, that Pete wanted to communicate with them before they made their onset.

"How did the little imp get there? Is he standing in with the smugglers?" muttered the lieutenant to Major Fisher.

The major's quicker intellect and greater knowledge of boy nature enabled him to comprehend the situation sooner than the mind of the revenue martinet got around to it.

"No! That little chap is loyal, or I don't know anything about boy character," answered he. "He has determined to see the capture, and worked his way through the island ahead of us. We had better find out what he wants, for he seems to have some information to give us. I'll beckon him to come."

As soon as Pete saw the major's signal he stepped into the shadow again, and before the revenue men realized what had become of him, he turned up alongside of the Tyee.

"Where is Tom?" whispered the major, letting his personal feelings appear.

"In the woods, I reckon. He'll take care of him-

self, sir. But I want to tell you that only one of the smugglers is on the Nonesuch."

"Who is it?"

"Bill Kelley, sir; leastways it's the man I took for him. I think the rest must be camping ashore, and I want to take a scout around, and find them before they get on to you."

"That is a good plan!" assented the lieutenant warmly. "You would make a good revenue man, Captain Pete."

"But," suggested the major, "we had better fix Kelley so he won't bother us, first. We'll station a man by him who can cover him with a gun if he wakes up, and keep him harmless."

"That's a good idea, too," agreed Lieutenant Higgins.

One of the trustiest sailors was selected, and Captain Pete lead him over and posted him where he could command the sleeping smuggler, and then returned to the officers.

"I think you had better let me go now, and hunt up the rest of the gang," said he in his matter-of-fact way.

The two officers gazed at each other, and then at Pete, and almost laughed. It was absurd to see this mere boy actually taking the lead in the expedition, and doing it so effectually that they were, in spite of themselves, reduced to playing second fiddle. Then the major spoke:

"I guess you can make the scout with as good

judgment as any of us, Captain. So go ahead, but be careful of yourself, and when you have located them, come right back and let us know."

"All right, sir. I'll be careful."

He plunged into the undergrowth again, and worked around to a point behind where the Nonesuch lay. It was not a dark night, and Pete's eyes had become accustomed to the obscurity. Besides that, he was gifted with the vision of a hawk, and was able to see things pretty clearly. The first discovery he made was the remains of the camp fire he had seen from the deck of the Tyee that afternoon. Then he found something like a trail; he followed it up, and came to a sort of a nook formed by the trunks of three large fir trees. Here the underbrush had been cleared away, and Pete's errand was successfully accomplished, for there, lying on blankets spread over the grass, were the recumbent forms of nine or ten men.

Most of them appeared to be asleep, but two, near Captain Pete, were conversing in a queer, jerky, and yet sing-song tone. He couldn't—although he heard them distinctly—make out a word of what they were saying, which was not at all surprising, as they were two Chinese coolies, and were probably comparing notes on the strange country they were invading. Pete's heart beat high with triumph. He turned and glided noiselessly back to the boat where Major Fisher and the lieutenant were awaiting him.

"Well?" they queried simultaneously.

"It's all right!" he replied, "they're just in back there, and all but two Chinamen are asleep and snoring."

This was good news indeed to the rest of the party. They followed Pete as cautiously and silently as they could back to the camp, but the occasional snap as a dried stick was trodden on, or a muttered oath from the sailors, showed conclusively that they were not as expert woodsmen as the little half-breed.

Major Fisher was next to Pete, and behind him came Lieutenant Higgins and his two sailors, as they were all forced to go in Indian file by the narrowness of the trail. The captain silently put out his hand, and stopped the major when they had advanced to the opening of the nook; the major immediately communicated the signal to his follower, who did the same until it reached the end of the line.

The two coolies were still jabbering in a low tone as the revenue men peered into the recess formed by the tree trunks. While they hesitated as to what action to take, chance decided the matter for them. One of the sailors had pressed forward with reckless curiosity, and put his foot in a hole. Over he went, and fell against one of the sleeping lawbreakers, who was promptly aroused, and grappled his disturber with an oath. At the same moment

the major and lieutenant pulled the hoods off their lanterns, and the latter called out:

"Surrender, men! You are surrounded, and if you make any resistance you will be shot down. We are United States revenue officers."

There was a sudden commotion, some furious oaths, and then silence. The major and lieutenant stepped forward and confronted their prisoners; three white men, and seven frightened Chinese, with pigtails as long as your arm.

The lieutenant produced handcuffs, and proceeded rapidly to secure his prisoners. There was no resistance—they were all too much surprised and awed by the authoritative manner and freely displayed weapons of the revenue party. So, in a few moments the captives were marched two by two to the water side. Here they found the sailor who had been left to act as shepherd to Bill Kelley standing with his Winchester rifle to his shoulder, and aimed at that individual, who was gazing with a ferocious expression at the approaching officers. The lieutenant stepped up to him, and said lightly, as he took the gun from his side:

"I'd better take that away, Bill, before you're tempted to do harm with it."

As the outlaw put up his hands for the cuffs the lieutenant produced, he caught sight of Captain Pete, who happened to have stepped out into the moonlight:

"That cussed half-breed kid!" said he.

Tom, whom we left bewildered in the forest, was a good deal put out to think that he would be unable to be on the scene when the smugglers were captured, but after considering the matter fairly he saw that if he tried to make a hurried passage through the timber to the field of battle, he would come to grief, and possibly injure himself by a tumble over the fallen logs and thick vines, and that if he went slowly he would not arrive in time to see the fun.

"Heigho!" sighed he mournfully, "the most sensible thing I can do is to go back to the boat, and watch out for the Black Pup."

He did not have to wait long, for in ten minutes after he had reached the place where they had left the dingy, he heard the noisy little tub puffing in the distance. He got out his oars, for he judged it was no longer necessary to be cautious—and in any event, the row the Pup made would be heard—and boldly pulled out to intercept her.

"Black Pup, ahoy!" he hailed.

The engineer, who had been instructed in Friday Harbor what to expect, slowed up, and Tom came alongside.

"I'm to take you down to the rest of them," said he.

"Hallo, Mr. Fisher," returned the engineer, "you're here, are you? Where's the other boy?"

"Never mind him," answered Tom, who was not

exactly sure of Pete's whereabouts anyway, and thought excessive candor on the subject out of place, "we go right on thro' the passage, and you'd better put her ahead as fast as you can."

The engineer complied with this suggestion, and in a few minutes they arrived at the scene of action. On the sand between the Tyee and the Nonesuch were grouped a number of people, among whom Tom could distinguish his father's erect, soldierly figure. In a twinkle he had pushed ashore in the dingy, and was by his side.

"Hallo, Tom, so you've turned up all right! I was just beginning to worry. Captain Pete says you both started together to come here across country."

"Pete's here, is he?" returned his son enviously. "Yes, sir, we both started the same time, but I think nothing but an eel could have wriggled thro' where I tried, so I went back and brought up the Black Pup. Have you got the smugglers?"

"Yes, thanks to your friend Pete we have bagged them handsomely, and seven yellow beauties into the bargain. This is a very lucky day for Pete. But now we must attend to business."

The useless handcuffs were taken off the Chinamen who were pitiable objects in their terror, and were driven like a flock of sheep to the forward part of the revenue launch. Then for additional security the four smugglers, despite some futile struggles, were ironed together and pushed on board.

It was now half-past ten. The lieutenant detailed two of his men to wait until the tide turned, and then to bring the Nonesuch to Friday Harbor as soon as the water was sufficiently deep to set her afloat. In the meantime the major said to the two boys:

"Now lads, I think you had better continue your voyage in the Tyee. Your father will be anxious to see you, Captain Pete, and you may tell him from me that you have acted with the courage and judgment of a man to-day, and that I should be proud to have a son like you. Another thing you may tell him is that you are entitled to $200 from the United States government, for the services of the Tyee and yourself in the capture. I will see that your bill is promptly put in and paid. Now good-bye, boys, off you go!"

CHAPTER FOUR

THE Tyee was half a mile on her homeward way before Pete could get rid of the choking in his throat. Tom was of course immensely pleased over the whole affair—save his own enforced absence—and so tickled that the captain had won such commendation from his father, that he could hardly contain himself. He patted his friend on the shoulder, and shouted "Hurrah! Ain't this bully!" at least a dozen times. Finally Pete regained the self-control that he had only lost after the exciting events of the night. It must be acknowledged that he carried his head higher than when he brought his fish up to Joe Sweeney's wharf that morning, and his heart beat with a proud consciousness that he had acquitted himself well, and played a man's part in the most responsible situation that he had ever been called to face. But the thought that was balm to his heart was how pleased and proud his father would be when he heard the words of Major Fisher. He turned to his friend, and said:

"Tom, your father is an awful good man!"

"You bet he is!" answered Tom, "and he knows how to appreciate a fellow, too, don't he?"

"That's it!" rejoined the captain, "I didn't think I'd done anything so darned big, but if he says so

it must be true, mustn't it? By jolly! It's nice to have folks talk like that to you!"

He lapsed into silence again, and sat thinking with shining eyes of the day's events, until suddenly the money part of the affair recurred to him.

"Jiminy!" he exclaimed, "TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! ! ! What on earth will I ever do with it all?"

Tom laughed. Two hundred dollars was not such a stupendous sum to him as it was to Pete, who had probably never seen so much money all at once, and conjured it up as an immense and shining heap of gold, with unlimited possibilities in the way of purchase.

"Buy yourself a new boat," suggested Tom, "or go into business, and open a store."

"No," answered Pete, "I'll give a hundred of it to father, and a hundred I'll keep myself and put in the savings bank. There's father's light in the window!" he added suddenly, "he always puts one up for me when I'm out late in the boat."

In a few moments the Tyee was at anchor, and the boys came through the gate to the little front piazza of the rough unpainted box house which was Pete's home.

Mr. Graignic heard their approach, and met them at the door. Pete promptly introduced his new friend, and Tom looked at Captain Pete's father with much interest. He was a small-sized, roughly dressed man of about fifty years, with a toil-seamed

and weather-beaten, but intelligent face. He welcomed Tom cordially, and then spoke some words in Indian dialect over his shoulder, which had the effect of bringing a middle-aged and rather comely Siwash woman from the kitchen.

"This is my mother," said Pete.

"How-do?" she said, "I—am—glad—to—see—you."

She spoke with painful distinctness of articulation that surprised Tom, but as Mrs. Graignic was the first Indian woman he had ever met, he was interested in observing her impassive face, and the beady black eyes which surveyed him with extraordinary acuteness.

Then came the story of the day, which Tom told with great animation, doing full justice to the achievements of Captain Pete. The Frenchman was wonderfully interested in the narration, and kept slapping his leg, and snapping his fingers throughout the recital in such an extremely lively way that Tom talked as if inspired. When the story came to the parting words of Major Fisher, and the two hundred dollars, he held his hands—in awe-stricken admiration—to heaven, and even the stolid Indian woman gave vent to a profound grunt of appreciation. At the end of the tale the father embraced his son in the affectionate and demonstrative French manner, and told him he was proud of him, and finally began to question him again about the affair. When, however, Pete told some-

what proudly of Bill Kelley's recognizing him as he stood in the moonlight, he said quickly:

"C'est mal! Zat's bad! Bill Kelley won't forget you, or me, for zis night's work. But zere, Pete, n'importe! never mind! If he interferes wiz us, we'll give him ze best we've got in ze house, and if zat ain't enough for him we'll go out in ze back yard and get some more."

By this figure of rhetoric, Mr. Graignic, whose command of the English idiom was perfect, and only made notable by sibillance, amusingly like a lisp, foreign to Anglo-Saxon pronunciation, meant that if Kelley attempted to retaliate he would find himself confronted by some one willing and able to defend himself. Of this there could be no doubt, for the little Frenchman was of the stern stuff of which pioneers are made, and had proven his quality many a time in early days on that wild frontier.

When Tom was called the next morning, the fisherman's family had already apparently arisen. As he dressed himself the grateful odors of a backwoods breakfast greeted his nostrils, and hurried his movements. By the time he had his trousers on, Captain Pete appeared with a tin basin and a brimming bucket of fresh spring water, cold as ice. This was just what Tom had been looking for, and throwing off his shirt, with the assistance of a large piece of yellow laundry soap he scrubbed himself until the skin fairly glowed. Pete sat by on the bed watching appreciatively, and when the operation

was over, and Tom's curly hair brushed smoothly as might be, he said:

"Now then, let's go to breakfast; it's all ready."

"I am all ready for it!" announced Tom blithely, and the two went down together.

The meal was served in the large kitchen, and the brisk fire burning in the cook stove was not unpleasant on this cool, crisp Puget Sound September morning. There was fried ham of the Frenchman's own curing, and chicken, and an omelette, and hot biscuits, and good French coffee, and the boys ate a hearty meal, though it took a long time for them to do it, for their appetites were in the best of order.

Tom was much interested in Pete's brothers and sisters. Their names seemed to be legion, although there were in reality only seven, three boys and four girls, but as Tom said to himself, they got so mixed up that it was impossible to count them. The eldest was eleven years old, and then they were strung along from that sturdy urchin, down to the sallow-faced babe in the arms of that queer, impassive Indian mother, to whose stolidity he could not accustom himself. She seemed above—or below—pain or grief, and incapable of being affected by external conditions. She answered her husband's remarks without a line of her face softening, and when her infant caressed her cheek with tiny hands not a feature relaxed. Pete was evidently her favorite, and she displayed her partiality in a char-

acteristic way. Whenever she saw an opportunity she piled another spoonful of omelet or potatoes on his plate, or gave him a slice of meat, and Tom thought it a very practical method of demonstrating affection.

"Pete," said Mr. Graignic, when they were at last through eating, "you had better dig a bucketful of clams for dinner. I'll make a clam chowder."

"All right, sir," answered the captain, "would you like to go along, Tom?"

"Yes!" Tom replied eagerly, "If you will give me a shovel, I'll dig too. I never dug clams before."

This announcement filled the Graignic family, who dug clams every day in the year when it was low tide, with wonder, but they were sufficiently courteous not to comment on the strangeness of the fact, and Pete having supplied him with a shovel, they started out.

The tide was very low. On Puget Sound there is an exceedingly long "run out," as it is locally called. The tide rises about nineteen feet above low water level, and where the shores are shelving a long stretch of sand is laid bare by the falling waters. There was such an extent of beach a quarter of a mile below the Graignic house, and towards this the boys directed their steps. As they approached the water, the sand which is more pebbly and not so white as on the Atlantic coast, became moist, and Tom noticed that every moment

or so a thin squirt of water would fly up out of tiny holes at his feet. As the squirts grew more frequent, he became interested in the phenomenon, and thinking he had made a discovery he finally observed to Pete.

"There must be a stratum of water under us, Captain. Do you see how the pressure of our feet makes it shoot up out of these funny little holes?"

The captain looked at him suspiciously a moment, and then said compassionately, but with latent amusement in his eye:

"Why, Tom, those are clams. There are many more where we are going."

Tom did not feel like exposing his ignorance any further, so he followed in silence. Presently Pete stopped and began digging. Every shovelful of sand brought a clam and perhaps two. Then Tom thought he would help, so he selected a little round hole such as he noticed Pete picked out when he put his spade in. The first shovelful did not bring a clam to light, nor the second. He thought it curious, but kept on digging until his industrious spade had excavated a hole big and deep enough for a well, he thought, and still no clam. At last the captain turned around, and surveying the great pit with surprise, asked him what he was digging that cellar for.

"I cannot find the clam!" Tom answered somewhat testily, straightening his tired back, and wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Why, there isn't any there."

"Oh, come now!" Tom rejoined, "yes, there is! I dug at one of the little round holes just as you do, and he must be in here somewhere!"

Pete heartlessly burst out laughing, and responded:

"That was a worm hole, Tom. Here is the worm, don't you see?"

And then he pointed out a long, stringy worm that Tom had energetically chopped into a dozen fragments. This worm, he explained, makes a hole that is frequently mistaken by "tenderfeet" for a clam hole, but is readily distinguishable from the simon-pure article by the clam expert, because close observation reveals that it is truly spherical, and coated with a sort of slime that does not appear on the real bivalvular aperture.

This was Tom's first lesson in Clamology, a very important branch of study to the dwellers on Puget Sound. Afterwards Pete pointed out to him that there were minute but radical differences in the holes of five distinct varieties of the genus clam, so that when one knew them, just the kind that was wanted could be selected. He took Tom a little further, and showed him a larger hole which he said was that of a goeyduck. Tom stared at it with much interest, but would not commit himself by making any inquiry. Directly however, he saw another large hole near by, and indicating it to Pete, remarked that they were in luck to find two goey-

ducks so close together. Pete smiled again at this observation, and informed him that that was a horse clam. Tom kept his mouth as tight shut as a clam after this, thinking he had shown enough greenness in one day.

When Captain Pete started to dig out that goeyduck, he made a hole almost three feet deep, and as big around as a molasses barrel. Then, as the water percolated through the sand rapidly and brought large masses down from the sides, he asked Tom for assistance, and by their united efforts they managed to go twelve inches further. Then the captain exclaimed:

"Here he is!"

And reaching down, he picked up what looked to Tom like the father of all clams. It was in fact a Puget Sound goeyduck, the largest edible clam I have ever come across. This one weighed about four pounds, and had outgrown his shell to such a ridiculous extent that it looked as disproportionate to the size of the clam's body as a pelican's wings do to his. And what struck Tom as peculiar, the part of the brobdignagian bivalve that was exposed —where the shell failed to cover it—had a skin that was soft and flexible, and lightly corrugated like a rat's tail. His neck, or whatever the protuberance may be called that projects from the body of the clam, was also noteworthy. It was about five inches long when Tom saw it, but Pete told him that the animal or mollusc had the power of elongating

it to such an extent that its end would reach to the mouth of the hole by which they had detected it, or fully four feet. He also told Tom, which fact was fully verified afterwards, that the body of this giant clam of Puget Sound was delicious when fried, and its neck made a capital clam chowder.

When they got back to the house, Mr. Graignic proposed that he and the boys should take the Tyee and go to Dog-fish Pass, as he wanted to see the scene of the capture. The boys were delighted, and they immediately took their departure.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE boys anchored the Tyee over the spot where the Nonesuch had lain on the beach the night before, there now being some six feet of water there. Pete went over the whole story again for the benefit of both Mr. Graignic and Tom, and a very absorbing subject it was to all of them.

While Pete was talking, his father's keen, gray eyes were roving to and fro, examining everything about the scene of the encounter, with the utmost minuteness and care. So like a search did this scrutiny seem that Tom's attention was attracted by it, and he began to anticipate something; tho' what discovery he should expect, or what the elder Graignic was looking for, he had not the remotest idea.

At the outer end of the little curved sand-pit there was a spot where the shore shelved abruptly into the deep water. Here a sort of swirl seemed to be caused by the current, for a chip of wood was floating lazily there, and turning end for end, but never apparently escaping from the little whirlpool, as others did.

As Captain Pete's story neared the end, Mr. Graignic's hawk-like vision became concentrated on this piece of wood, and by a natural consequence,

Tom's too. Around it went, never getting out of a circumscribed limit, and once it even held back another small bit of drift that was carried against it by the tide. This finally escaped, and was driven by the current toward the north end of the pass. It seemed strange to Tom that one piece went, and the other remained floating quietly around, and he began to wonder what law of gravitation this chip obeyed, and why the other one should feel a different impulse.

By this time Pete's eyes were attracted to the common object of his father's and Tom's gaze. As he wound up his narration, involuntarily watching the chip as the others did, he suddenly broke off and jumped up, exclaiming:

"By Gum! father, I believe that chip is moored to something!"

"I sink you are right, my son," answered the elder Graignic, "I fancy it is moored to a package of opium sunken by ze smugglers. Zey sometimes hide zeir cargo zis way when zey sink it possible zey may be in danger of capture."

It did not take the boys long to haul the dingy up, and in a few minutes Mr. Graignic had the suspicious chip of wood in his hand. Sure enough, a fragment of fine fishing line was tied to it, of a color so closely resembling the wood that the sharpest eye could not detect it at a distance. Mr. Graignic hauled on it gently, and it came in to him hand over hand. At the end of a few feet it was found to be

knotted to a length of manilla rope the size of a clothes-line. This was in turn eagerly hauled upon. The weight proved that some heavy object was attached to it, and at last the fisherman had to stand up in the stern sheets of the boat, and put forth his strength.

Slowly the burden arose, until it appeared, a large and weighty box, above the surface of the water. The boys' willing hands grasped it, and it was taken into the boat. It was a wooden packing case such as contains tinned vegetables, and the fisherman judged it must weigh eighty or ninety pounds. They pulled back to the Tyee, speculating freely on its contents, and all agreeing it contained opium.

As soon as it was hoisted on board, Pete got a hatchet and pried the cover off. It was filled with small tins, each apparently weighing about a pound and a half. Some Chinese characters were inscribed on a red label on the tops of the cans.

"Hoopla! it's opium all right," said Mr. Graignic, "and ze United States revenue stamp is not on it. There must be a zousand or twelve hundred dollars worz of ze dope. You see"—he added to the boys—"I suspected somezing like zis when you were telling ze story last night. When zese fellows make one run of Chinamen, zey almost always bring over ze dope at ze same time, and as you did not find it when ze capture was made, I have mistrust it was *cached* somewhere in ze neighbor-

hood. Zey probably sunk it after you boys went zro' yesterday afternoon, knowing zey'd have to wait until ze tide served to get off ze Nonesuch, and zinking zat some revenue man might blunder in on zem. Do you know we get half ze value of zis opium as reward for finding it?"

"Gosh!" exclaimed Pete, "I am getting so rich that I don't know what to do with all my money."

"Let's take the whole business to Friday Harbor, and give it to my father," said Tom, "I am afraid some one will come along and take it away from us."

"Zey'd have to fight for it," remarked the fisherman with an ominous flash of his eye, "but neverzeless, zat's about ze best zing we can do. So all hands up anchor, ahoy!"

It was quickly gotten aboard, and once more the gallant sloop sped away for Friday Harbor with a bone in her teeth.

The revenue cutter to which the Black Pup was attached had just turned up in Friday Harbor, and Major Fisher, Lieutenant Higgins, the commander of the Pup, and the captain of the cutter were all gathered in the latter's after cabin discussing the capture of Bill Kelley, and the Chinese. It was an important event in the annals of the custom's authorities, and Captain Brady knew that the Collector in Port Townsend would be greatly pleased on account of the haul of Chinamen, as the

Mongolians had been evading the law, and slipping over the frontier since the passage of the Immigration Act, in a manner and with a success that was extremely aggravating to those whose duty it was to keep them out of the United States.

The capture of Bill Kelley and his gang was even a greater satisfaction to the officers of the law. He was known as the most active and daring smuggler on the Sound, but so acute was he that though he made runs almost weekly, and frequently boasted of the fact while spending the gains of his illegal trade in Whatcom or Port Townsend, in the reckless orgies in which he indulged after his work was done, he had never been caught or evidence gathered to convict him. He was so lawless and violent that even his associates stood in awe of him, and very naturally such islanders in the archipelago as became accidentally aware of his movements were unwilling to denounce him for fear of future reprisals from the ruffian and his comrades. His example too, and apparent ability to defy capture had emboldened others less daring to try their hands at the business. So on the whole, the taking of this outlaw was even more gratifying to the authorities than the seizure of the Chinamen, inasmuch as one struck at the fountain head, while the other only momentarily interrupted the stream of illegal immigration.

"Well," summed up Captain Brady, "the arrest was a brilliant achievement, and I congratulate you,

Major Fisher and Lieutenant Higgins, on making it. You will both gain great credit for it at headquarters."

"Upon my word," observed the major, "it seems to me that if there is any particular credit in the matter, it is due to those two young rascals, Pete and Tom, more than to any one else connected with the affair. In the first place they discovered the Nonesuch in Dog-fish Pass, and then Tom was bright enough to propose coming home and notifying me. Captain Pete by his good seamanship, carried this out in the least possible time where other boys would have bungled it. Then, Lieutenant, when you and I got on the ground, we found Pete already there ahead of us, and but for his valuable assistance and scouting powers, ten to one if we had not had trouble, and possibly been captured ourselves, instead of taking the outlaws."

"Every word of that is true!" affirmed the lieutenant warmly. "Those two boys deserve all the praise that can be given them."

At this moment there came a respectful knock on the cabin door, and the steward stuck his bullet head in with the announcement that a man and two boys had just come aboard the cutter from a sloop, and wanted to see Major Fisher and the captain. The major looked up quizzically:

"What's up, now, I wonder?" said he, "Captain, that is our two boys again, for a ducat! Shall we have them in here, and see what they want?"

"Of course!" answered the captain, "steward, bring them down here."

"They've got a big box, sir, that they won't leave."

"Bring that, too," rapped out the captain.

They looked at each other in astonishment as Mr. Graignic, with the packing case of opium, followed by the two boys, came through the doorway into the after-cabin. Tom, who seemed to be nominated as spokesman, moved forward, and commenced:

"We have got a box of opium here—"

The captain, and his two friends jumped to their feet.

"The deuce you have!" ejaculated the officer, "where did you get it?"

Tom began and told the story from the beginning, the other corroborating him as to details, and finally the box was opened and the cans of opium exhibited. The lieutenant was the first to speak:

"Well, I swear!" said he explosively, "I think I had better shut up shop! I ought to have thought of that, and looked for the dope myself, and here two boys and a fisherman pick up a reward of over $600 that ought to belong to me, right under my nose. I'd better resign from the service."

Major Fisher and the captain laughed at this comic lamentation heartily, for they knew that Lieutenant Higgins was a very alert and zealous officer, and not nearly so intent upon gaining money rewards as he was upon doing his duty, and reaping honor in the service.

"Never mind, Lieutenant," said the captain; "Mr. Graignic and the boys have earned the prize fairly, and you'll have to take a back seat until the next time."

The opium was left on board in Captain Brady's care, as he was going with the cutter the next day to Port Townsend to deliver the smugglers and Chinamen for trial. As the major had to go down on the same business, it was decided that he should travel on the cutter, and at his suggestion the genial captain invited the two boys to make the trip with him. As Pete had never seen so large a city as Port Townsend he was delighted with the prospect, and accepted the invitation gladly. Tom, who knew the place well, anticipated much pleasure in showing him the sights.

Mr. Graignic took the Tyee home, and promised to come in four days to Friday Habor, at which time Tom intended to go home with Captain Pete, and conclude his much interrupted visit.

In the fall of 1888 Port Townsend had from five to seven thousand population, and was one of the boom cities of the new northwest. It is located on a large bluff or headland, at the foot of which runs a long, wide street on which pretty much all the business of the city was transacted. Here saloons, wholesale houses, retail stores, real estate offices, and dance houses elbowed each other, and put forth their bids for trade. Above, spread over the brow of the headland, was the residence portion of the

town, the population becoming more and more attenuated as it led back into the various "additions" to Port Townsend, platted by the real estate speculator, in which property worth perhaps $50 per acre was sold at that price per lot to fatuous buyers from the east, or sanguine residents who listened to the song of the siren, and allowed themselves to be persuaded that Port Townsend was going to become a railroad terminus—that is was to be the greatest manufacturing city of the northwest—and that in ten years of glorious development it would at least rival San Francisco, if not Chicago and New York.

It was, at any rate, the first port of Entry on Puget Sound, and possessed fair shipping facilities. These two facts warranted to some extent the claims of ardent citizens. Also the National Government was just about to erect a magnificent stone building for the transaction of the customs business, the appropriation being already made, so just at this time, as has been said, Port Townsend was a boom city.

CHAPTER SIX

WHEN the cutter arrived in Port Townsend harbor, the boys disembarked with the major and captain, and accompanied them to visit the Collector and report the capture. The Collector at that time, pending the erection of the new building, occupied offices in a one-story wooden structure on Water street, the mercantile thoroughfare mentioned in the last chapter. He was a grizzled old man, with a war worn and convivial countenance that could, however, be stern and even inveterate on occasion, as his enemies had discovered. But when Major Fisher introduced the two lads, and told him the story that has been related in these pages, the old man was pleased thro' and thro'. He was especially taken with Captain Pete and cross-examined him until he had mastered each detail. Then he stood beside the boy with his hand on his shoulder, and said, chuckling with satisfaction:

"By George! that's the kind of lads we breed out here on the Sound. I tell you, this is a great country—("kentry," he said) "and your effete East ain't in it! The newspapers shall print this story, every word of it."

Then he thrust his hand in his trousers' pocket,

and pulled it out with a coin, which he handed Pete saying:

"Here! you two boys go out now and have a good time until we're through business; and mind you, both of you, with the captain and the major, are coming up to take dinner with me to-night."

"But this is a twenty-dollar gold piece!" exclaimed Pete with awe.

"Of course it is!" roared the Collector, "and you and Tom are to spend every cent of it before you come back, too. Make it fly, boys," added he kindly as he pushed them out of the door, and returned to his chair.

The two boys went down the street, Captain Pete feeling bewildered by the sudden possession of untold wealth in the shape of a broad, shining twenty-dollar gold piece.

"Whatever shall we do with it, Tom?" he asked, "we CAN'T spend it!"

"Oh, I guess we'll contrive somehow or other," said Tom, "here's the Red Front general store. Let's go in here."

Captain Pete followed obediently, for he was as much at sea here as Tom had been when they dug clams together on Waldron island. The clerk who came forward was a stylishly dressed young man with his hair parted in the middle, before whom Pete felt inclined to cringe, but Tom said in a lordly way:

"Let me see some of your boys' suits to fit my friend here."

"Certainly, sir, step this way," answered the clerk deferentially, promptly recognizing Tom's social superiority, and fitness to transact business. He handed down several suits from the shelves, naming their prices as he did so until Tom finally selected one, and said:

"I think this will do. Go behind there, and try it on, Pete."

Pete, who had been watching the progress of the transaction with eyes as wide as saucers, and a feeling that this could not really be he, started obediently forward. Before he tried on his suit, however, Tom ordered a pair of neat, laced boots for him, and made him put them on, and wound up by purchasing a sailor blue shirt and a cap. When Captain Pete had everything donned, Tom said to the clerk:

"Make me a bill of that, please."

And then he pulled his friend around in front of a pier glass and made him take a look at the new Captain Pete. At first the fisher lad positively did not recognize himself, and when he saw what a trim, good-looking little fellow he was in this new guise, he reddened with pride and pleasure. Just then the clerk came from the back of the store, and handed the bill to Tom, saying:

"Ten dollars and eighty cents, sir."

"Pull out your money, Pete, and pay the bill," said Tom.

Pete's expressive face clouded over at a sudden thought, and he said in a low voice to his friend:

"Do you think I ought to spend all this money on myself, Tom? Shouldn't I take some home to my father and mother?"

"You know what the Collector said; that you were to spend all of it," answered Tom, "so go ahead. It's all right. You've got plenty more coming for the father and mother when you get paid off for the capture of the smugglers and opium."

"That's so!" said Pete with a sigh of relief, for he did hate the idea of taking off those clothes, and being metamorphosed into that ragged urchin again that he now hoped he had bidden farewell to. So he paid the bill with the gold piece, and received nine dollars and twenty cents in change, which he handed to Tom, saying:

"Now buy yourself something. It's as much yours as mine."

But Tom would have none of it, and pushed his hand back with the remark:

"No, no, Pete! the Collector gave it to you; he only told me to help you spend it. And besides I've got lots."

And he exhibited a handful of silver. If Pete had been acquainted with the phrase he would have

denounced Tom's words as sophistical, but as he was not, he was compelled to give in to his generous friend, and they left the store together.

"Now Pete," said Tom, "I think we had better hunt up a barber's shop and spend two bits for getting your hair cut. It's rather long."

The captain had become conscious while gazing in the mirror that the one point which marred his appearance was his long, black, straggly hair, so he meekly answered:

"I guess you're right, Tom. If my hair was cut like yours I am sure it would look better."

They found a shop, and Pete's locks were shorn. Now he looked like a very gentlemanly boy, deeply tanned by the sun, and showing signs of hard work, but he had a healthy, wholesome appearance that was good to see, and Tom was proud to walk along the street with him. They strolled along at leisure, and the fisher lad gazed his fill at the shop windows. He had never seen such displays in his life, and Tom would hardly drag him from one before he would become glued in front of another—stock still and all eyes. A display of hardware in a large window capped the climax, and a little, nickle-plated toy engine that was working as an advertisement, drew exclamations of wonder and delight from him. He was a born engineer, this boy, and he simply would not go further until he understood every point in the working of this engine. He was familiar with the principle, his father having ex-

plained that to him, but he had never had it exemplified before in such a way that he could see every working part. Tom was greatly astonished to find how quick and intelligent were the observations and deductions of the half-breed boy, and began to perceive that, much as he had admired his new acquaintance, he had rather underrated the powers of his intellect. At last Tom got him away, and they went back to the Collector's office. When they entered the major looked up, and saw his son and another boy as he thought, and said:

"Where did you leave Pete, Tom?" Then seeing the two boys grin, he recognized the captain. "By Jove!" exclaimed he, "Pete, now you look like what you are—a thorough little gentleman. What do you think, Collector?"

The latter had been staring hard at the captain.

"Well, Pete," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'll not make you proud. You look all right, tho', and fit to go to dinner with the Queen of England instead of a democratic old gentleman like myself. However, I hope your new clothes have not spoiled your appetite, for we are going to have a good dinner."

"I think you'll find my appetite in it's proper place, sir," answered Pete, with modest confidence in his powers.

"Well, come along then, major, we won't make it wait." And they all went up the hill to the Collector's house.

This was the first evening Pete had ever spent in a refined household, and the experience was like a beautiful dream to him. When he was presented to the Collector's wife and two daughters, one grown, and the other about his own age, he blushed high in his sunburnt cheek, but managed to preserve the modest and steady demeanor that was natural to him, and he speedily became a favorite with all of them. Grace, the fourteen-year-old damsel, to the great amusement of her father and mother, immediately took the captain under her wing, and with all the aplomb of a woman of society put him at his ease, and made him feel perfectly at home.

The truth of the matter was that Pete was a born gentleman. He possessed as a birthright that simplicity and regard for others' rights and feelings which is known as Courtesy. He was the offspring of a union between a French sailor and an Indian woman, and had been brought up amid the hardships and vicissitudes of a frontier life, but nevertheless he held his own among those who possessed all the advantages he lacked, and was freely accepted as an equal by reason of his inborn qualities of Honesty, Sincerity and Force—in other words, Character.

When the half-breed boy went to bed that night he felt that a new life had dawned upon him. He compared in his own mind the people with whom he had passed the evening and those he had

lived among up to this time. He was far too loyal to think lightly of his father and his mother because they had not the advantages of his new friends, "but," he thought, "may not I, by perseverance and hard work, raise myself to be the equal of such people?"

At last he fell asleep, and dreamed that Grace and he were sailing on the Tyee, in a far-off sea, only they two in the boat; and that he was responsible for her life. And he trimmed his sails carefully, and stood with a watchful eye at the helm.

That evening, Mr. Varian, a reporter of the Port Townsend Leader, had called to interview Pete, having heard of the Dog-fish Pass incident. The next morning the Leader contained a cleverly written story in which Pete was given the whole credit of both the Chinese and opium episodes. This made him both ashamed and furious. He protested against having such unmerited glory thrust upon him. He asserted vigorously that Tom deserved as much credit in the affair of the capture of the smugglers as he did himself, and that he wouldn't have had sense enough to have gone back and notified Major Fisher of the discovery of the outlaws if Tom had not suggested it. And as to the opium find, that was entirely due to his father's sagacity, for neither Tom nor he would have had the brains to discover it in a thousand years. Tom was not the least bit jealous of his

friend's sudden popularity. On the contrary it only seemed to knit the bonds of friendship closer between him and Captain Pete. This was the first real boy intimacy Tom had ever made, and his father encouraged it, feeling satisfied that it would do them both good. Before the Port Townsend visit was over, they became as closely attached to each other as ever were Damon and Pythias.

During these few days the captain made a number of acquaintances, and when he and Tom were on the street a great deal of notice was taken of them. Both their heads, however, were too steady to be turned, and they reached the end of their stay without its having done either of them much harm.

The boys returned to Friday Harbor on the little mail steamer, Evangel. It was a beautiful trip among the islands, and especially so to Tom as it was comparatively new to him, while Pete was acquainted with every headland and tide-flat from Smith's island, to Speiden.

Mr. Graignic was waiting for them as he had promised, with the Tyee, but Tom wanted to go up to the hotel and see his mother before they started, and he insisted on Pete accompanying him. Mrs. Fisher was delighted to see them both, and much pleased to note Pete's improved appearance and behavior. Indeed there was a change going on in the lad, and Mrs. Fisher, in whom the maternal instinct was strongly developed, perhaps fathomed his feelings more nearly than any one. The boy had

warmly appealed to her heart from the first time she had looked into his honest eyes. Pete seemed to feel an attraction to her too, and a surety of recognition he experienced with no other person. Perhaps this feeling helped attach him so strongly to Tom. At any rate when she quietly congratulated him on his good luck in the matter of the capture, and warmly said she was sure he deserved it, avoiding all mention of his changed appearance, he was entirely satisfied, for some subtle sense told him this lady noted a deeper alteration in him than the mere physical one others, less spiritually gifted, observed.

When the boys said good-bye she gave her hand to Pete and told him to take care of Tom. This seemed a sacred mission to him; he inwardly resolved that Tom should never suffer in life if he could help it, if only for this sweet lady's sake.

Then came the pleasant sail to Waldron island on the Tyee. Mrs. Graignic welcomed the boys, and seemed best pleased when Pete got off his new toggery, and looked once more the half-breed boy fisher. Poor woman! Instinct possibly warned her a gulf was widening between her son and herself, and that these new associations and new apparel only broadened it. A line of pathos seemed to soften the stolidity of her features, which the lad, absorbed in his new thoughts, did not notice.

CHAPTER SEVEN

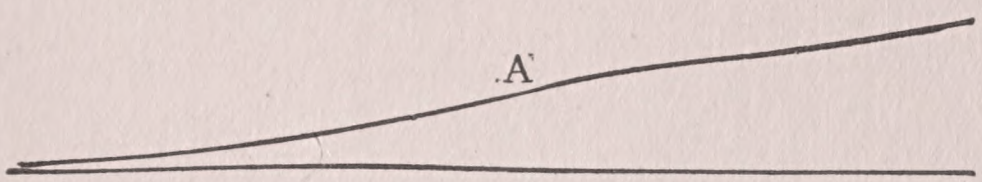
TOM slept soundly that night, and did not wake until he was aroused by an animated voice outside his door and Pete came into his room, dissipating the last remnants of his drowsiness by shaking him vigorously, and saying:

"Get up, quick, Tom! There is a deer swimming over from the Sucia islands, and we are going to head him off in the boat. Wouldn't you like to come?"

"Of course I would!" cried Tom, the news bringing him out of his bed and into his trousers as rapidly as a fireman dresses when the gong strikes.

When Tom got downstairs Mr. Graignic and the captain already had the small boat shoved out, and were waiting. He jumped into the stern; Pete was already at the bow, and the fisherman had the oars. Away they went, heading obliquely for the black spot in the smooth water half a mile away which Tom now made out to be a buck's head and antlers. Mr. Graignic as has been said, was not a large man, but years of wholesome living and severe toil had tempered his frame until every sinew in his body was strung like steel wire, and the way he made that skiff hum filled Tom with admiration for the old pioneer's physical prowess.

The buck, as yet unconscious of danger, was heading for a promontory that projected from the coast of Waldron island to the southward of the point from which the hunters had started. A line drawn from the deer to the point of the promontory, and then back again to the boat would have made an acute triangle like this:



But the pursuers' aim was to intercept him before he reached the shore, and was lost to them in the woods. Therefore they steered to head him at point A on the diagram. The buck had been swimming quietly when the chase began, but a hundreds yards of water had not been covered when the captain who sat facing the quarry, observed:

"He sees us now, and has shaken out a reef."

Which meant that the deer had redoubled his exertions. The fisherman did not waste breath in reply, but turned the head of his boat so as to bring the point of intersection a little nearer the shore, and threw his weight upon the oars in a way that made the stout ash blades bend, and sent the skiff ahead with increased velocity. Tom now noticed that Pete had a light pole, about ten feet long, in his hands, and was deftly lashing a sharp knife to it.

Now they began to near the buck; and as he turned his head toward the boat Tom could see the

white of his eye, and that the pace was distressing him. Now, too, he discovered that his hunters were going to intercept him if he swam on in a direct line for the shore, and he began to diverge. This manoeuvre was promptly communicated to his father by the captain, and with a sweep of his oar the handy sailor brought the skiff around more, and followed almost in a direct line; the difference being that the poor hunted creature could not reach the shore on this tack. He had sealed his own fate.

The chase grew more and more exciting, though scarcely a word was spoken by Tom's companions. Not more than sixty yards separated the boat and the buck—the hunters and the hunted—and the deer was swimming broad away from the land. His labored breathing could be heard, as he threshed gallantly thro' the waters in his effort to escape his fate, but alas! thought Tom, whose sympathies were now with the splendid animal, it was of no avail. Foot by foot, and inch by inch the distance was lessened until there were only twenty yards between them. Then the buck turned his strained and appealing eye back to the boat—he was appalled by the nearness of his foes—and made one more frantic endeavor to escape. He did actually gain for a few moments, in spite of all Mr. Graignic could do, and then Tom could see his strength failing. The boat hauled up on him hand over hand—it was within eight—five yards. Captain Pete stood up with the improvised spear

CAPTAIN PETE STOOD UP WITH THE SPEAR IN HIS HANDS.

in his strong, brown hand—nearer—nearer yet—Tom's breath came with a sob—Ah!

THERE! ! !

Pete had leaned over, and thrust sharply with his knife, and the clear, green waters were suddenly stained red. The buck gave a wild and convulsive spring, and even as Pete caught him by the antler, was dead.

As they pulled away home Tom was very silent. He could not get that last backward look of the deer out of his mind, and felt as if he had been taking part in some cruel and bloody sacrifice. He tried to argue the matter out fairly with himself, however. He acknowledged that these wild animals were the natural food of the frontiersmen who could not depend on the butcher's shops, and who indeed would seldom eat meat if they had to pay for it at the rate of fifteen or twenty cents a pound. And as to the actual killing, was it any worse to slay a wild beast than one bred in captivity, and fed oft-times, by the hand of the slaughterer?

By the time dinner came, however, it must be confessed that all Tom's sensibility had fled, and he pitched into the tender venison steak with an appetite as indomitable as Captain Pete's.

In the afternoon the captain had a long and serious talk with Tom. The frontier boy for the first time wanted advice. Up to this point it had all been plain sailing. The duties of life had been clearly spread before him, and he performed them

with all his might. In fact, until his meeting with Tom he had never contemplated any other future than that of carrying out his father's plans, enlarging the scope of the fishery, and improving the farm on which he had been brought up. Now his horizon was suddenly widened, and his heart filled with longings and ambitions—so insistent and strenuous—that he could never be contented again in the narrow treadmill of his old life.

It was in this little fellow's character to face a situation squarely when it confronted him, and that was what he was doing now. In spite of Tom's youth, he felt that he was the only one at hand that would be in entire sympathy with his new feelings, and it was for this reason that he selected him as counsellor.

"Tom," he said, "the Collector told me that I would have $400 in a month for this smuggling affair."

"Better than that, Pete," he answered, "there were ninty-five pounds of opium in that box."

"Well, that much, anyhow. That's a good deal of money, ain't it, Tom? A fellow could live on that four or five years couldn't he?"

"Why," said Tom, turning the matter over in his mind, "it's a goodish lump, but I don't think it would go as far as that. What have you got in your head?"

"Why," said Pete slowly, and a little shame-

facedly, "I was thinking I would like to get some schooling with it. I never had any, you know, and since I was up to Port Townsend with you, and got these new clothes—and everything! I thought I'd like to get to know something, and be more like those other folks I saw there."

Tom did not look up for he knew Pete was blushing, and he had a heart full of sympathy for this brave little chap who was so ready to recognize his deficiencies, and so prompt to remedy them.

"I think you are right, Pete," he said at last, "altho' you mustn't have the idea that you don't know anything. Why, tho' I've been in school all my life, there are lots of things I don't know as well as you. For instance, what a useless bit of timber your father would think me if I were you, and you me."

This unexpected view of matters cheered Pete immensely, and he brightened up as he naively said:

"Yes, that's so, but I want to know the kind of things that you—and Grace do."

"Grace, oh!" then Tom continued, looking preternaturally solemn, but with a smile in his heart, "well, you see, we've been brought up differently. I don't doubt but that down at bottom, you and I and Grace are all made of the same kind of stuff."

Somehow this comforted Pete, but he was still unsatisfied.

"Well, if we're the same at the bottom, all I've got to do is to learn what you know, and we'll be the same at the top, too."

Tom laughed outright:

"Pete," he said, "you are all right, and I can't see but what you know just as well what you want as I can tell you. If you are resolved to spend that $400 in getting an education, why don't you say so, and be done with it?"

"Well, that's what I'm going to do!" he answered with a flushed and resolute countenance.

"Then what you want is to find out the best way, and how you will get the most for your money."

"That's the talk, Tom. That's what I'm figuring on. Somehow I don't want to go to school, because if I do, I'll seem to be such a great big dunce among the rest of them."

"Yes, Pete, it would be unpleasant. But perhaps you could be fixed in some other way. I'll tell you what we'd better do; we'll wait, and ask my father about it."

"That's what I think!" concluded Pete. "You see, he's so kind that I don't believe he'd mind advising me, and there's no such hurry anyway, for I can't do anything until I get my money, and that will not come for a month."

"Well, you can talk to him when you take me home day after to-morrow," said Tom, "and I am sure he will find some way of doing what you wish."

This wound up the conversation for the time, but

it was often recurred to while Tom remained on Waldron. The idea was no transient one, but had taken firm hold on Pete's mind. Tom, in the meantime, was full of a notion of his own which he did not confide to any one, but nursed, and pondered, and revolved in his mind, until he became certain of its practicability. He was wise enough to keep it to himself, however, and not risk a possible disappointment to Pete by prematurely divulging it.

Time sped on, and the day soon came for Tom's return to Friday Harbor. Once more the Tyee sailed over the sunlit waters with the two boys as crew, and landed them safely at Sweeney's wharf.

The Major and Mrs. Fisher welcomed the lads, and proudly noted the healthy tan on Tom's cheek. Pete, of course, was asked to remain to dinner, and as he had plenty of time for the run back, and had worn his new suit of clothes in honor of the occasion, he gladly accepted the invitation.

Before dinner Tom had an opportunity to talk to his parents alone, and he told them of Captain Pete's desire to spend the $400 he had earned, as far as it would go, in the attempt to educate himself. Both of them had become warmly concerned in the little fisherman's welfare, and they were anxious to forward his plans as far as lay in their power. Then out popped Tom's scheme, which he had hidden in his own breast ever since Pete had first talked to him on the subject.

"Father," said he, "why can't Pete come with

us when we go home? He can sleep with me, and eat with us, so it won't cost him anything for board and lodgings, and we can find someone who can give him private lessons, and he would learn more, and his money would go further than in any other way. I am certain he would study hard, and is so smart that he would advance as much in six months by that method as another boy would in a year. What do you think? Can't it be done?"

"That's a pretty big contract you are letting out to me, Tom," answered the major, looking over at his wife, "but I'll talk it over with your mother to-night, and we'll see what can be done for your friend."

To tell the truth, they were both considerably taken by Tom's proposition, for they not only felt that the companionship was good for their boy, but they were touched by the spectacle of the manly little chap—whose surroundings and opportunities were so inadequate, and whose aspirations were so high. Both were also struck by the boy's sterling character, and apparent intellectual capacity, and in consequence they were much inclined to further Tom's desire to give the captain a chance in life such as he could not have were he left to his own unaided efforts.

Tom ran off to join Pete, and the major sat quietly thinking, while Mrs. Fisher watched his strong features with love and trust in her eyes. She felt peculiarly drawn to the fisher boy, and

thought there was a spiritual side of his nature which if developed in unison with the practical turn of his character, would make him grow into a noble man. She had confided her thoughts to her husband, and knew that if he took the matter in hand, the captain's future would be assured so far as outside aid could do it. After a time the major spoke, following out the train of reflection in his mind:

"I don't see why I shouldn't do it! It may seem quixotic, but quixotism doesn't always turn out badly, by any means. Mother, you know what I told you about that land I bought on Hidalgo island? There is going to be a large city there some day, and it is ten to one it will start before a year is over. I can buy this boy thirty acres alongside my own for $300, and it will make him a modest fortune if it is well handled. Then he can carry out his plans, and become a man, Shall I do it?"

"Tom, you dear fellow!" she exclaimed as she kissed him, "will you do that, and look after him? I shall be so happy!"

"Well, if he wants me to, I'll do it. That will, you see, leave him $100 to go ahead with his studies, and it's better for the boy to keep his independence. If I'm not greatly mistaken in him, he would be the last one to accept charity in the way of board and lodging. He has apparently been able to earn those necessaries ever since he has known how to walk."

This concluded the conversation, but Captain

Pete was kept to dinner, and it was surprising to note how his short experience in Port Townsend had improved and developed him. It spoke volumes for Pete's perceptiveness that he had already mastered the use of his knife and fork and napkin, so that it would never have been suspected that until a week past he had never seen one of the latter, and was accustomed to regard a knife as an inconvenient kind of shovel, designed for the purpose of conveying victuals to the mouth. Mrs. Fisher watched him with delighted appreciation shining from her motherly eyes, and became more and more convinced that it was a duty manifestly thrust upon her husband and herself, to help a youth who was so palpably anxious to help himself.

CHAPTER EIGHT

AFTER dinner Major Fisher called Captain Pete on the piazza, while his wife detained Tom in the parlor. The major drew a chair beside him, and motioned Pete to sit down, which the fisher boy did in a somewhat embarrassed manner for he had an inkling of what was coming.

"How old are you, my boy?" began the major.

"Fourteen years, sir."

"Tom tells me you want to try and get an education?"

"Oh, sir!" burst out Pete, "you don't know how much!" He almost choked in his earnestness. "Major Fisher," continued he with an effort, "since I've known Mrs. Fisher, and you and Tom, I've felt as if I could not go on catching fish and selling them, and living at home. I don't know what has got into me. Altho' I've been contented before, I feel now that if I had to stay on Waldron island all my life I should drown myself. I want to be like Tom, and know things, and have books and money, and be well dressed always, and live like the people I met in Port Townsend."

Poor boy! It was all out now, and he fairly sobbed in the vehemence of his feelings. The major was also affected, and his keen, kindly, blue eyes

glistened as he laid his hand on the boy's sturdy shoulder.

"There, Pete," he said soothingly, "never mind. Don't feel badly about it. I think I understand what troubles you. You are thinking of your father and mother, and feel as if these new desires and aspirations are disloyal to them."

Pete's breast heaved again and he nodded to the major, unable to speak.

"Well," the major went on, "I am sure that none of your ambitions are unworthy, and I honor you for them."

The boy captain straightened up, and caught his breath.

"I am so certain of it that I am going to help you all I can to realize your dreams. Furthermore I am positive that your father will sympathize strongly, and encourage you in your new departure instead of feeling that you do not love him. So now, my boy, cheer up! Go back home and have a confidential talk with your father. Tell him all there is in your heart, and you may say to him from me that if he is willing I would like to take a hand in helping you make a man of yourself. Now go and say good-bye to Mrs. Fisher, who by the way, Pete, is a very good friend of yours, and then Tom and I will walk down to the wharf, and see you off."

The boy arose, and said:

"Major Fisher, I don't know why you are so good to me! I can never pay you back."

"Tschutt! tschutt! yes, you can!" returned the major, "fulfill my expectations of you, and I shall be a hundred times repaid. Besides, there's Tom! Anything you owe to me in the way of goodwill, you may pay to him."

"Won't I? That's all!" said Pete.

Then the boy captain went into the parlor, and approached Mrs. Fisher and Tom with shining eyes.

"Well, my dear boy?" asked Mrs. Fisher, in her soft voice that always made Pete feel like kneeling to her.

"Please, ma'am," answered he, "I want to say good night to you, and then Tom and the Major are going to walk down with me to the boat."

The lady arose and putting a hand on either of Pete's shoulders, looked into his steadfast eyes. Pete blushed high through the tan on his cheeks, but met her gaze bravely. Then she drew him to her, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Good-bye, my little man," said she, "come and see me whenever you can."

As the captain sat in the stern sheets of the Tyee, and watched the moon mount in the heavens, he felt as if ages rolled between him and the Pete Graignic of only a few days before. He realized that a broad and deep gulf had opened between him and his old life. Never more could he lead an ex-

istence that was bounded by the small ambitions in which he was formerly contented. When the thought of his young brothers and sisters came to him—"I will work for all of them," thought he, "and they shall have a chance to become decent, too. To become decent! was he already ashamed of his old surroundings? Ashamed! ashamed of his father and his mother." A dull red glow burned on his cheek as he faced the thought. "No! he was not ashamed of that good father! and—and—his Indian mother. Were not most of the boys he knew half-breeds? And was not the storekeeper at Richardson one? And was he not a good man, and respected and liked by all? No! it was nothing to be ashamed of if he became a good man. That was the great point! and Major Fisher thought he would be one, and he knew Mrs. Fisher was his friend too; here his heart grew tender. And Tom! Tom had trust and confidence in him. Then his thoughts wandered off to the Collector, in Port Townsend, who had been so good to him. And Grace! what a pretty name, and how it seemed to fit her! How bright and soft she was. If he got an education, and grew to be like Tom, he could live among such people always. And why shouldn't he? he was industrious enough, and had made a start; by and by, perhaps he could make and save money, and grow to be a storekeeper, or even—Great Heavens!—the captain of a large steamer.

This last leap of vaulting ambition made Captain Pete stop and gasp for a moment, but he finally gulped the idea down. By this time, so much had he been absorbed, he was already—though he now first realized it—within view of the light which his father never failed to put where it would serve as a beacon to him on his return. "Dear father!" he murmured remorsefully as he spilled the wind from the sail of the sloop, and went forward to let go the anchor. When the boat was safely moored, and everything made snug, he hauled up the dingy and went ashore.

It was by this time after ten o'clock, and all the fisherman's family but himself had long ago retired. He led Pete into the kitchen where he had kept the fire, and putting some warm food on the table, told him to eat. Pete was conscious that his father's face and manner were more than ordinarily grave, though his address was full of fatherly tenderness. As he ate, the two glanced at each other furtively. The parent on his part, was aware that there was something new in the countenance of his son, but he sat quietly, and said nothing until the lad had finished his meal. Then he spoke:

"Pull your chair by ze fire, my son. I want to have a talk wiz you, if you are not too tired."

"No, sir," answered Pete, as he placed himself opposite his father.

"My boy," continued the fisherman, "ze last week has been a lucky one for us. You, in particular,

have earned a large sum. You have also seen somezing of a side of life zat is new to you, and you have conducted yourself very well among ze incidents you have passed zro'. But have you zought at all how you are going to use this large sum?"

"That's just what I want to tell you about, Dad," replied Pete, seizing his opportunity by the forelock. His father smiled gravely, and Pete hurried on: "I'm afraid you'll think I'm foolish, and perhaps selfish sir, but I want to spend all that money on myself, if you are willing and don't need it."

"No, I don't need it. But what do you want to do wiz it, my son?"

"I want to get an education, sir! Please, please don't think I am ungrateful, or that I don't love you and mother, and all, but I feel as if I had a chance to get up in the world, and live like—like—well, more like Major Fisher, and the Port Townsend people —and less like our neighbors."

"And ourselves—?" added his parent, half questioningly.

"No! no!" interrupted the boy, "I don't mean that, father, and that has been my trouble ever since I first thought of it—the fear that you would believe that I wasn't grateful to you, and wanted to get away, and better myself after you have done so much for me. Rather than have you think that I'll give the whole thing up!"

"Hold on, my boy, don't go so fast. I don't

zink I should have said zat. At any rate, I did not mean it, and am sorry. I am not surprised zat now you have seen anozer and more attractive side of life you should reach out toward it. I zought it possible you would feel this way, and I am glad. My son, I hope and zink I should have wanted to do as you wish when I was your age if I had had ze chance, but it never came, and so I have always been a poor laboring man. If I had education I feel that I could have done better zings in my life. But, my boy, I have always been honest and respectable, and as far as I know, I have done no man a wrong. Zat is somezing for you to start wiz, and if you climb higher on the ladder than I have done, I shall watch you with sympazy. Another word I must say to you—your mozer is an Indian woman, and very often in this country, the offspring of a white man and an Indian woman is looked down upon. But your mother was ze daughter of a chief, and is a good, true woman who would shed ze last drop of her heart's blood for her husband or her children. Never let your success make you ashamed of her."

Captain Pete was sobbing by this time, and he felt that he didn't care whether he ever became rich or respectable—his heart was so tender over his father and mother. Something of this he managed to falter out, and tried to make his parent comprehend that in his ambitious projects his success would involve lifting the whole family to the higher

plane he anticipated reaching. It is probable the sagacious old fisherman knew the boy better than the boy did himself; at any rate, he put his arm around him, and talked soothingly until Pete regained his self-possession. They sat long into the night, and when they finally retired, it was all arranged that Pete should have his chance.

The happy lad saw rosy-hued visions in his dreams that night, but his father lay awake long, and sighed from time to time.

Shortly after Captain Pete's return home it became necessary for Mr. Graignic to pay a visit to Victoria for the purpose of buying groceries etc., for household consumption. So one morning he and Pete started in the Tyee. The captain was rigged out in the toggery he had purchased in Port Townsend, and even his father made concessions in honor of the occasion, in that he wore a coat and vest, articles of apparel that were entirely ignored in the daily life of the hardy pioneer.

A brisk wind from the north filled the great sail of the Tyee, and she made a rapid trip down past Roche Harbor on San Juan, where the mammoth lime kilns are, and finally across the straits of De Haro, and into the Harbor of Victoria. It was Pete's first visit here, and he was in a state of eager anticipation as his father told him that the English city on Vancouver island was seven or eight times as large in population as Port Town-

send. It was a degree of magnitude which it puzzled his mind to grasp.

As they came up to the city Pete observed near the steamboat dock a number of beautiful little schooners of from fifty to seventy-five tons burden, lying at anchor. They were sealers, Mr. Graignic told his son, and after having asked permission from a man on board of one of them, they moored the Tyee to it, and went ashore in the dingy.

The first stop they made was at a great, gloomy looking warehouse. It had only one narrow entrance, but over the door was a small inscription in gold letters reading:

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY

It was in fact the store and supply depot of that powerful corporation which has, since the first settlement of North America, controlled the trade with the Indians, and made enormous profits by practically possessing a monopoly in the business of purchasing furs, and the other products of the vast country to the northward, known as British North America. It has had from the first, forts, and supply and trading-stations dotted over the whole territory, manned by employees who thus gathered up the trade, and enabled the Company to defy competitors.

Although in pursuance of a fixed policy, very unpretentious, this huge store building had a massive and English appearance, and it impressed and in-

terested Pete from the start. It seemed to contain everything that could be imagined, and in point of fact the stock is the largest and most varied that can be brought together in one building. It not only supplies the meager wants of the savages with whom so much profitable traffic is done, but it fits out its own employees who are scattered, to the number of thousands, through the northwest. Its business extends from the cities, where the principal general stores are operated, to the wildest recesses of Assiniboine and Saskatchewan, where the factors, in log buildings stockaded and garrisoned, barter powder, leaden bullets, and gimcracks to the wild red men, and the scarcely less rude white trappers and hunters. All these establishments draw their supplies from the head depots in Winnipeg and Victoria.

Victoria itself is a Hudson's Bay settlement, and fifty years ago it only contained the fort and station of the Company. Since then it has grown to be a beautiful English city of 80,000 inhabitants.

While Mr. Graignic was making his purchases a stalwart, acute looking man stepped up to him, and said:

"If I am not mistaken your name is Graignic, isn't it? Don't you live on Waldron island, and ain't you the owner of the sloop Tyee?"

"Yes, sir, but I don't know you," answered the fisherman.

The stranger smiled as he drew the elder Graignic a little aside and said:

"No, you wouldn't know me, and I didn't know you, rightly, but I spotted you because I saw the sloop tied up to that sealer on the Arm. But that's Captain Pete with you, ain't it?"

As Mr. Graignic nodded, looking still more puzzled, he continued:

"My name is Kennedy, and I guess there is no great harm in telling you that I belong to the United States revenue force, but am stationed here on British territory on secret duty. Of course I have heard all about the capture of Bill Kelley, and the Nonesuch, with the Chinamen, and the opium, so when I saw Tyee painted on your boat's bow, I naturally concluded that you were in Victoria. And when I saw you and Captain Pete, as I said, I spotted you."

Kennedy laughed genially, evidently pleased at this proof of his own perspicacity. He was a splendid looking fellow, with a good-natured expression despite a long and somewhat heavy jaw which indicated firmness and possible obstinacy. The minute Mr. Graignic heard the name he recognized the man. Indeed it would have been surprising if he had not, for Captain Kennedy's name was famous at that time in the northwest. He had made many important captures, and if there was any peculiarly desperate service to be performed

which needed the exercise of judgment and indomitable nerve, he was certain to be called on—provided he had not already volunteered.

"Well," said Kennedy, "I want to be introduced to Captain Pete. That boy is all right, and the kind of chap I would like to have around when I'm in trouble."

Mr. Graignic beckoned Pete, and introduced him to the revenue man, and the two seemed to take an instant liking to one another. Kennedy watched the little fellow as if he were taking his measure, and the lad was greatly flattered by being noticed by a man he had always looked up to as a hero.

"Well, Pete," said Kennedy shortly, "what do you say if I take you up, and show you the Chinese colony?"

Pete's eyes fairly stuck out with eagerness, and he answered:

"Oh! I should like to ever so much! Dad, can I go with Captain Kennedy?"

"I guess so," replied the fisherman. "Captain Kennedy, you'll see that he gets on the sloop in time for supper; and remember he's nothing but a country lad, and might get into mischief if left alone."

"I'll bring him aboard, Mr. Graignic, but if you will permit, he shall take supper with me to-night."

"All right. Good-bye, Pete," said his father, moving away.

CHAPTER NINE

PETE and his new friend passed out of the building, and going through several narrow courts and alleys that would have reminded them of portions of London, had they ever been there, they emerged on Post street, which is the main business thoroughfare of Victoria.

It is not so wide as similar streets in Seattle or Tacoma, but the buildings were very solid and substantial, and mainly constructed of stone. The stores appeared to be thriving and to have many customers although the show windows were not so large, nor the displays in them so imposing as Pete had noticed in Port Townsend; yet there was a far greater throng of people in the streets, and some of them to Pete's unaccustomed eyes looked very foreign. Many of the men wore knickerbockers or breeches, and as this was an entirely unknown fashion to him, Pete, like most of us who see something new, was rather inclined to think it ridiculous. In fact, he confided this view of the matter with an amused chuckle to Captain Kennedy, who rather took him aback by replying good-naturedly:

"You're a greenhorn, Pete. Those knickerbockers are a hundred times more comfortable than

trousers, and I wish it was the fashion for Americans to wear them. You'd see me in them all the time. But here we come to the pigtails!"

As he spoke he turned into a side street, and Pete immediately forgot all about breeches and everything else civilized, for that turn had brought them into a new world. The street was narrower still than the one they had left, and was lined with tall, dingy, red brick buildings. The very atmosphere was different, and laden thick with all sorts of oriental odors, many of them by no means grateful to the nostrils of the fisher boy, who had always been accustomed to the fresh sea breeze and pure ozone of Waldron island. He sniffed and gasped a little, but was so interested in the queer sights and sounds that he quickly forgot the insult to his nose in the sensations that assailed his eyes and ears.

In the first place, the street swarmed like a bee hive with Mongolians in their native costumes, and all seemed to be talking at once in that queer, monotonous, and yet vivacious tone characteristic of the lower class Chinaman or coolie. Each building too, appeared to be a store, at least on the ground floor, and the most miscellaneous collection of puzzling articles that Pete had ever seen were exposed for sale. The vegetable store or green grocer's had hardly a vegetable on view that the boy was familiar with; strange bulbous tubers, dropsical green things, stalks of an unknown kind, all differ-

ent from the honest potatoes, turnips, celery, etc., that he had known hitherto. At the meat shop next door there were weird delicacies that were to Pete far more interesting than appetizing. Then came what Germans would call a delicatessen shop, although the boy did not know the Chinese for it, and he peered through the dirty window panes with starting eyeballs at the messes displayed. Here were shark fins—he recognized this dainty—but what was that alongside that resembled a dirty, half dry piece of glue in the shape of a pouch? Captain Kennedy told him it was the nest of a swallow that the Chinese prize highly as an article of diet. Then he saw some small skinned carcasses on a platter, displayed very much as plucked quails are in an American restaurant window. These he shrewdly suspected to be rats, and no doubt he was right. There were many more inexplicable things in sight that Pete could not make head or tail of, but he reflected, and confided the thought to Captain Kennedy, that if he were famishing at sea in an open boat, he would hesitate to eat any of the viands exposed here for sale. Kennedy, it appeared, quite agreed with him, and they passed on.

The tea stores were more attractive, and they entered one. The air of the room was warm, and a peculiar fragrance struck Pete as very strange, and unlike anything he had ever smelt before. He was inclined to attribute it to rare spices, or something of that sort, but the officer called his atten-

tion to a fat Celestial sitting behind the counter smoking a long stemmed pipe with a thick bowl that had a little hole as big as a pea in the center. It was the smoke from this that made the smell, and what was being smoked was opium instead of tobacco. This man was evidently the proprietor, for a clerk sat nearby making queer inscriptions with a brush in a blank book. Every moment he would turn to a machine resembling a harp frame with wooden buttons strung on the wires. He would rattle the buttons up and down on the wires like mad with his lithe yellow fingers, and then paint an entry in the book with his brush, so Pete took the harp to be a calculating machine, and he was right, for Kennedy told him so.

While they stood at one end of the counter, partially out of sight of the door, it suddenly opened, and a man came hastily in. Pete could not see the newcomer from where he stood, but his attention was aroused by observing an extraordinary gleam of intelligence shoot athwart what had been a minute before the oily and impassive features of the proprietor of the establishment. Quickly nodding towards Kennedy and Pete, he held up his hand palm outwards to the man who had entered. This produced a rapid and marked change in the demeanor of that individual, who Pete could now see, was a wiry man of about thirty years of age dressed in the rough clothing of a longshoreman. Captain Pete, acting on instinct, looked as unconcerned as

possible, and the Celestial did not remark that he had seen the by-play, which Kennedy had not observed. But now, as the latter saw the man who had entered, he gave a slight start, and nudged Pete as though to attract his attention in that direction. Then he came carelessly into the center of the room, and said:

"Hello, Mike! What are you doing in Victoria? I thought you were home on Guemes island. Anything on hand, old man?"

Mike scowled involuntarily at Kennedy, and smiled sourly as he answered:

"You're always kidding, Cap. You know I'm going straight now!"

"Well, that's a good tack to keep on," said the officer good-humoredly, adding "come on, Captain Pete."

Mike, who had turned partly away from Kennedy's keen scrutiny, now whipped suddenly around, and gazed at Pete:

"Say, Cap!" exclaimed he, "is that the blasted kid that put the revenue men on Bill?"

"Yes," replied Kennedy, shortly, while Pete shrank back a little, beginning to have an idea that he understood the situation, "and" continued the revenue officer, "you'd better keep a civil tongue in your head, Mike, for this boy has plenty of friends, and I'm one of them."

"Oh!" said Mike, "I don't mean nothing, Cap. The kid's all right, and up to snuff. I s'pose you

must have made right smart out of that job, sonny? Oh! you're cute, and a good plucked one, and I don't bear you no malice, for Bill Kelley and me hasn't been friends this six months back. Shake hands, Captain Pete."

He held out a grimy paw, but Pete was no idiot, and he looked at the false smile of the man, and his gleaming, spiteful eye, and moved a little closer to Kennedy without saying a word.

"Never mind handshaking," said the officer, "and Mike, see here!" He made a step forward, and placed a hand on the fellow's shoulder. "I know you, and you know me. Don't let me catch you in any of your tricks with this boy, or I'll hunt you up, and have a reckoning; and that won't suit your book very well. So mind your eye, and remember!"

As Mike stood trembling like a wild animal which would like to make a spring and tear down his enemy, but is restrained by fear, Kennedy and Pete passed into the street.

"I think I've seen about enough of the Chinese quarter," remarked Pete dryly, "let's go back to Post street."

Kennedy laughed, and replied:

"All right, Pete. I suppose you are rather curious to know who that was, ain't you?"

"Some friend of Bill Kelley's, I reckon."

"Right, my boy. That was Mike McGovern, Kelley's side partner, and almost as slick and mean

as Bill himself, but without half his pluck or recklessness. Had Bill been in his place, there would have been a shindy, for he would have jumped me sure. That was all moonshine, you know, about their not being friendly. They made a run together not three months ago, and I came near collaring both of them, tho' they didn't know it. I wonder what Mike was doing in Lee Sing's?"

"Is that the name of the fat Chinaman who sat behind the counter?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess they had some business together they didn't want you to know, for I saw Lee Sing making signs to Mike that we were there."

"Wha-a-t!" ejaculated Kennedy. "Pete, you're a jewel! You've wiped my eye for me. Why, Lee must be putting up a job—either dope, or running coolies across—and I never scented it. Of course Mike is in it. By Jove!" here he scratched his head meditatively, "I wonder how he got here!" then he looked at his watch. "Pete, it's too early for supper yet, let's take a walk along the water front, and keep those sharp eyes of yours peeled for any kind of a craft that a smuggler would be apt to use in running from here across the Sound."

Captain Kennedy had no notion that anything his own keen and practiced scrutiny overlooked would be apt to attract the attention of the little fisher boy, and he had made the observation more in good-humored raillery than in any other

spirit. So they went down to the water front again, and followed it along. Pete was deeply interested in the different kind of craft, both great and small, and scanned their lines and rigs with a knowing eye, occasionally making remarks in regard to them that astonished the revenue man by their aptness and knowledge.

They walked some distance without coming across any craft Kennedy thought suspicious, and he, in fact was just about to turn back, when they came to a bunch of Siwash or Indian canoes moored close in shore. A Klootchman sat in one evidently on guard, and all the canoes were piled up indiscriminately with the various baggage of the nomads, consisting of camp equipage, etc., loosely covered with mats. Kennedy was about to turn back, as has been said, when Pete's quick eye singled out one of the canoes, and noticed that it was not only a better and trimmer craft than the rest, but that it was rigged out with two pair of patent row locks. Now, all the other canoes, if fitted for oars, had common wooden thole pins driven into the gunwales. He took another look, and saw that the canoe was dressed on the sides and bow with a smoothing plane, and not simply water worn, as usual. Just then the stern swung towards him, and to his surprise he saw brass rudder pintles on her.* He pulled Kennedy by the sleeve:

"What is it, Pete?" asked he.

* Plates arranged to hold the hooks made fast to a rudder.

"Suppose we look closer at that canoe with the rudder pintles?"

Captain Kennedy gave one glance, and ejaculated:

"By the lip of the Holy Crocodile!"

He stepped down to the water, and picking up a stick, reached over to the suspected craft, and hauled it in to him. He raised the matting that lay loosely in the stern sheets, and there was a sheet iron rudder and two pair of spoon oars made of spruce, well leathered on the looms. Kennedy turned to Pete with a comical expression of amazement on his sunburnt phiz, and said:

"Well, you've done it again! twice hand-running! Of course that's no Siwash rig! If it were that Klootchman would have screamed her lungs out at us by this time."

"Look!" exclaimed Pete, "she's greased to make her go soft and easy."

Kennedy looked, and sure enough a little oily film covered the surface of the water around the suspicious craft.

"True as you live!" he agreed. Then very solemnly: "Pete, as sure as shooting that canoe was fixed up for smuggling, and the owner was mighty cute to mix her up among these genuine Siwash craft. To tell the truth, it would have fooled any of the revenue men, and it was mighty lucky I brought you along. Now I promise you that if anything comes out of this job, you stand in on the

cash. But let's get away from here. If this canoe belongs to Mike McGovern, as I suspect, some of his gang'll be apt to be around."

They turned into the nearest street leading to the interior of the city, and Pete had to stretch his legs to keep up with the captain's long strides. The latter, who seemed to know Victoria well, dived thro' alleys, and passed thro' buildings which brought them out on other streets, and in a very few minutes he stepped into a hall way, and saying: "Come in" passed into an office where there were several men sitting leisurely. Kennedy went into a back room which was empty.

"Mr. Harker," he called, "please come here a moment."

One of the men came from the front office, and asked:

"What is it, Cap?"

"Shut the door, and sit down."

Harker did so, looking at Pete in some surprise.

"This is Pete Graignic, Mr. Harker, who helped Major Fisher capture Bill Kelley," continued he, "and he has done me a good turn this afternoon."

"How are you, Pete? Glad to know you," said Mr. Harker, shaking hands with the boy. Then turning eagerly to Kennedy again, he added: "What is it, Cap? A run?"

Kennedy related the day's adventures from the meeting of Mike McGovern in Lee Sing's, to the finding of the canoe.

"Well," said Harker, "that settles it. I always mistrusted Lee, tho' he has managed to throw dirt in our eyes. I'll bet he has the dope put up on his premises now, ready for Mike to take. Of course they wouldn't run coolies across in that boat."

"No," agreed Kennedy, "they couldn't take enough at a time to make it pay. It's dope they're working on."

"Well," resumed Harker, "I suppose the first thing to do is to send a cipher dispatch to the Collector in Port Townsend, and let him notify the boys everywhere to be on the lookout."

"Yes," answered Kennedy, "and you'd better send Jimmy to pipe off the canoe, and see if anybody comes down. If they make the run to-night they won't start before the tide turns, and that's about one o'clock. We can't do anything with them, of course, until they get off British territory. Now I'm going to take Pete to the Poodle Dog to supper, and will be back in an hour. That will make it, say, seven o'clock. You look after things, send off Jimmy, and post the Collector. If you want me, call me up on the 'phone. Come along, Pete."

And off they went, Pete vaguely wondering if it were a Chinese place they were going to, and if the meal would consist of poodle dogs.

CHAPTER TEN

THE Poodle Dog was not as Pete had feared, a restaurant where Mongolian delicacies were served to the guests, but the best public eating house in Victoria, and modelled after the famous one of the same name in San Francisco in the days of the Argonauts. It was a spacious room occupying the whole ground floor of a massive building on Post street. A table traversed the middle of the apartment, and smaller ones were arranged along one wall, each garnished with snowy napery and cruet stand. On the other side was a series of wooden boxes or stalls—each large enough to accommodate a table and four chairs. Here all those patrons who desired privacy, or affected seclusion, could sit in comparative loneliness. These boxes were especially favored by the sporting class, such as bartenders, gamblers, etc., who largely frequented the place.

Kennedy and Pete paused a moment at the counter, behind which the cashier—a young woman with blonde hair, artless blue eyes, and very red cheeks—presided. She was instructed to call Captain Kennedy at once if a message came for him over the 'phone. Then they went to one of the

boxes, and passing the bill of fare to Pete, the officer said:

"Now, Pete, order your dinner, and make it a good one."

Captain Pete looked down at the menu, which by the way, was the first he had ever seen, and was so bewildered by the number and queer names of the dishes, that he despaired of picking out anything that he recognized, or knew about. At last he came to something familiar, pork and beans, and he determined to choose that, for then at any rate, he would know what he was eating. When Kennedy looked up from his own card, which he had been studying with earnestness, and said:

"Well, Pete, what are you going to eat?"

He answered promptly:

"Pork and beans, and ice cream, I guess."

The "I guess" was thrust in rather doubtfully, for he was not quite certain of the propriety of his combination. Kennedy laughed outright, but was quick-witted enough to perceive the boy's quandary, and immediately repressed his merriment as he responded:

"I ought to have recollected you are not used to these things. Let me order for both of us, and I think we'll find something better than pork and beans."

Thereupon he called a waiter, and gave him an order in which tenderloin steak, broiled ham,

potatoes hashed in cream, and other substantials figured to a degree that made Pete's mouth water. He was hungry—and congratulated himself that he had not clung to the baked pork and beans, a dish that he ate with tolerable frequency at home. Nor was he disappointed when the dinner was put upon the table. Everything was just as good as it had sounded, and when they wound up with whortleberry pie and ice cream his little stomach was drawn as tight as the head of a drum. He thought, as Kennedy paid the bill, and gave "two bits" to the waiter, that it must be a heavenly existence where one could eat such food every day.

"Now for business," remarked Kennedy, as he lit his briarwood pipe, and they stepped into the street. "Pete, we've got to make a plan to catch the fellows who own that fancy canoe, and as you are the one who was smart enough to put us on to it, I propose that you stay right with it until we nab them. You shall have your share of both glory and the prize money—if there is any."

"I should like it very much, Captain Kennedy, but I'll have to ask my father, and I ought to be back on the Tyee now, I suppose."

"I'll fix that, Pete. I'll send a man from the office down to the boat, and ask your father to come up."

A man was despatched with a note as soon as they reached the office. In the meantime Mr.

Harker joined them as they sat in the inner room.

"I have looked after everything, Cap," said he, "and now I guess we'd better talk it over, and see what is to be done next. I've sent a man to hang around Lee Sing's, and try and pick up something there, but that old Celestial is so sharp that I don't expect much from that end of the business. Jimmy is stowed away down by the canoe, and he will let us know in time if there is any move. Now what can we do in case they make a start to-night?"

"That's what we've got to settle, and as Pete is in the job already, I move we tell his father all about it. He's got a good head, is a sailor, and knows the San Juan Archipelago as well as I do Post street."

"That's all right," agreed Harker.

"And," exclaimed Kennedy, "here's Graignic in the nick of time!"

When Mr. Harker had been introduced, the afternoon happenings were related to the fisherman, to his manifest exultation in this new sample of Captain Pete's quality.

"Now," concluded Kennedy, "we are inclined to believe those chaps will start to-night about the turn of the tide with a considerable amount of opium. We want to catch them, and collar the dope, as soon as they get on American soil. And how we are going to do it is the question before the house."

"Yes," said Harker, "we can't dog them close enough to keep them in sight without their seeing us."

"And—" cut in Kennedy, "that canoe is fit to go eight miles an hour anyway."

"Yes," rejoined Harker, "they can cross the straits and get among the islands in two hours and a half. That will bring it to three o'clock in the morning, and unluckily it isn't daylight until after four. It's a deuce of a puzzle!" he concluded, scratching his head to dig out a solution of the difficulty. For a moment the three men sat thinking deeply. Then Pete arose, and said:

"Can I go out, Dad?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Just down to the wharf, for a minute."

Kennedy had been watching Pete, and he now arose and said:

"All right, come along Pete. I'll go with you myself."

They went out, and turning down the next street, were soon on the water front near where the Tyee was tied up.

"Now, Pete," said the revenue man, who had been silent during the short walk. "What is your idea? Out with it!"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy rather shamefacedly, for he was by no means certain he had any right to have ideas when his elders hadn't any. "But first let me look, sir," then he muttered,

half to himself, "wind west by south, and blowing fresh; moon in the first quarter. What time did you say the tide serves, sir?"

"After midnight, but I'll look it up, and tell you exactly as soon as we get back to the office. Now, what the deuce have you got in your head?"

Kennedy was nearly dancing with impatience and curiosity. Since the quick-wittedness the boy had displayed in the afternoon, he had formed a good opinion of his ability, and easily guessed that Pete had conceived a scheme of some kind when he wanted to leave the office.

"Well sir," said Pete, still somewhat afraid that he was putting himself too much forward. "I thought perhaps if the wind was right, it would be a good notion for a boat with some men in, to go over near the San Juan shore before the canoe makes a start."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, sir, a man could go out from here in a rowboat about five or six miles and spot the canoe as it came along without being discovered. It could even follow her perhaps, at least far enough to signal the other boat—which way the smugglers were heading. The canoe would have to go around either the north or south end of San Juan, and if the men in the revenue boat over there already knew which it would be, they'd be almost sure to catch them."

"That's the right idea," said the officer with a

great slap on Pete's shoulder. "Here's what we'll do! We'll have two boats go over—one to the north, and one to the south. You and me, and your father in one of them, and Harker and a couple of men in the other. And somebody can spot the canoe too, just as you say, and give us warning. One rocket north—two south!"

"That's first rate," answered Pete, now at his ease since Kennedy had taken the direction of matters. "We can go over in the Tyee."

"Of course we can. Pete, you ought to wear revenue clothes yourself! Now let's go back to the office, and tell Harker and your father."

Kennedy quickly laid the plan before the other two, and it was eagerly accepted.

"But suppose they shouldn't make the run to-night?" suggested Harker.

"I think ze smugglers will be apt to go to-night on account of the tide," said the fisherman. "If zey start on the tide to-morrow night they won't reach the islands 'til daylight and zat wouldn't suit."

"That's so!" exclaimed the others, and Harker added:

"Well, now we've got to get a move on."

"Plenty of time, sir, I zink," observed Mr. Graignic. "Pete tells me ze breeze is fair and likely to hold. The Tyee can make San Juan from here in zree hours easy, and it's not nine o'clock yet. We don't need to start for two hours, sir."

"Well, anyhow," returned Harker, "I've got to see that our cat boat is in readiness, pick out my two men, and arrange about the rowboat which is to do the sneak act on the canoe. I'll be back directly."

"By the way, Mr. Graignic," asked Captain Kennedy, "are you armed? These smugglers are apt to cut up a bit rough when they are cornered, and it is best to be prepared for trouble."

"I have a large bore Winchester rifle aboard ze boat, and plenty of cartridges. Zat will do me, sir. Pete has no firearms."

"Well, look here, Pete, I'm going to make you a present." He went into a closet, and returned balancing an ivory-stocked revolver in his hand. "Here is an army Colt of 38 calibre. I had it re-stocked, re-bored and re-sighted to suit myself, and it is as good a gun as there is in the Northwest. It'll get your man if he's on the other side of a telegraph pole, and you have to shoot thro' it. Throw it in the rain barrel, and leave it there three months, and when you take it out, it won't miss fire. I want you to take it, and learn to use it as soon as you can. It's a handy thing to have at times in this country, especially to a fellow that smugglers have no more reason to like than they have you."

Pete was overcome with gratitude, and the tears stood in his eyes as he stammered:

"Is that splendid gun really for me?"

"You bet! and here is the belt, and some cartridges to go with it," returned Kennedy.

Pete buckled the belt around him, and placed the gun in it, too proud and happy to be able to utter a word. At ten o'clock Harker returned, and reported all ready for a start, and shortly after a funny-looking, roughly-dressed little man appeared at the door.

"Come in, Jimmy! What's the news?" roared Kennedy and Harker together.

Jimmy was the man who had been sent out to watch the suspected canoe. He was a tiny Scotsman, barely weighing a hundred pounds, but surprisingly wiry and muscular, and possessing the indomitable spirit of Nanty Ewart, as more than one unfortunate person had found out who had been tempted by his size to impose on him. He was connected in a humble capacity with the secret service of the United States Revenue Department, and was loyal as a bull dog, and brave as a lion. He said:

"Eh, sirs, yon's a bad crew that canoe has got at all. Twa thondering rascals, ane o' 'em Mike MacGover-r-n, an' tae ither Three-finger-r-ed Bill, his chum."

"You're right, Jimmy, they're a bad lot. But what did they do?"

"Aweel, sirs, they jist cam' doon, an' took the canoe over to Whitlow's mill, an' there it lies amang the boom sticks as snug as a red deer in the bracken.

Then Three-finger-r-ed Bill went away, an' Mike staid on i' the canoe. An' I cam' to tell it tae ye."

"That settles it!" exclaimed Kennedy, taking command. "They're going to make the run to-night. Go back, Jimmy, and watch for Bill's return. He'll come back with the dope. Now then, Harker, it's eleven o'clock, we'd better start. Mr. Graignic and Pete with me in the Tyee, and you and your gang in the cat boat. As soon as the dope is put in the canoe, Jimmy and Ned start in the rowboat, and get out into the offing to wait for the canoe. When they see her, let them follow on cautiously. Have they got a pair of strong night glasses? Good. Then when they see the canoe begin to bear either north or south, let them fall back a mile or so, and send up the rockets. Mike and Bill won't know what it means, but it will hurry them up. Whichever of our parties is the lucky one, Harker, will have to keep them in sight until day, and then run them down."

"All understood," said Harker, "I'll go, and tell Ned, and we'll start."

"Well, good luck!" concluded Kennedy. "We'll go down to the Tyee. You get twenty dollars for the use of your boat to-night, Mr. Graignic."

"It goes to Pete," said the fisherman. "He picked up this job, and gets the benefit."

"Jupiter!" laughed Kennedy, "at this rate you'll bankrupt the National Treasury, Pete."

They got quietly on board the Tyee, and cast off

the mooring line. The fisherman took the helm, Pete sprang forward, cast loose the gasket, and up went the sail.

"Zat'll do," said Pete's father, in his sailor-like voice, calm and full of authority. "Make fast ze halliards! Haul in your sheet, Pete. So! Belay. Loose ze mains'l, Pete. Stand by ze zroat halliards, Captain Kennedy. Hoist away! That will do, zroat. Another pull on ze peak, Pete. Assez, peak."

Then he eased out on the boom tackle, and in a second the sail caught the breeze, and away the sloop swept as silently and swiftly as a cloud. Pete put all in order forward, and then joined Captain Kennedy and his father in the cock pit. It was a rather cloudy night, and the new moon was just showing one horn of its silver crescent above a dark bank of vapor that lay along the edge of the horizon. As the Tyee passed the head of the harbor, and came into the open channel, the adventurers found the wind was freshening, and Mr. Graignic said:

"If I know anyzing about Puget Sound weazer, it's going to blow a good bit stiffer before morning, and in two hours zere will be a sea running zat will bozer zat canoe considerable, and keep her from making very good time. Pete, I guess you'd better put a reef in the mains'l. We'll ride easier, and zere's no hurry."

"It's 11:30," said Kennedy, looking at his watch

by the red glow of the pipe he held fast between his teeth. "Mike and Bill will start by midnight."

"Zat's all right," returned the fisherman, "by ze time zey are where we are now, we'll be under ze San Juan shore."

"Well," said Pete, who had just come aft again, "if that canoe has to fight a heavy sea, she can't reach Lopez before daylight, and that's where they generally lie in the daytime, ain't it?"

"Right, my boy, zere are a dozen good hiding places near ze Reservation."

"If that's the case," concluded Kennedy, "and they hold on, we've got a dead cinch on 'em."

"It looks like it," replied Mr. Graignic, "if zey come to ze souz'ard, instead of running around Speiden island."

Another hour passed, and Kennedy looked at his watch again.

"Twenty minutes to one," he announced.

"Stewart island is close ahead, and San Juan not zree miles off," answered the Frenchman.

"I think we are far enough. What do you say, sir?"

"I agree wiz you, sir. Pete, let go ze halliards."

In a moment the sails came down, and the Tyee tossed idly on the swell.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

THEY sat watching the clouds drift athwart the heavens as the boat rode lightly on the increasing swell. Then Kennedy said:

"Pete, have you got anything to eat? It's your treat, and I feel peckish."

Pete went into the cabin, and brought out some bread and butter, cold fried fish, and a junk of boiled salt pork.

"It ain't as good as the Poodle Dog sets up," said he.

"It's all right as long as it's filling," answered the captain.

In fact they all made a hearty meal, and Pete had not much to carry back. They sat in silence for what seemed a long time. Captain Kennedy's glowing pipe showed that he was wide awake, and Pete passed the time by taking his revolver from his belt, and feeling every part of it lovingly. He loaded it, and put it back in its holster, perfectly happy in the possession of such a formidable weapon.

"Two o'clock!" said Kennedy.

The fisherman raised himself, and took a look around with the pair of powerful marine glasses the revenue officer had brought.

"We've drifted about four miles, sir. As near as I can figure we must be near Cow bay on San Juan. It's pretty near time to see that flash, if everything goes as we calculated."

"By Jupiter! there it is!" exclaimed Kennedy, as a rocket rose to the westward leaving a fiery trail, and burst into fragments high in air.

"One!" counted Mr. Graignic.

An interval of solemn silence followed, and then as the second rocket soared aloft, the revenue man sprang to his feet, and exclaimed joyously:

"By the Great Horn Spoon! we're in luck! She's coming to the south'ard."

Pete said nothing, but he shifted the butt of his "gun" around to the right where his hand could drop on it easily. He remembered the expression in Mike McGovern's false eyes in Lee Sing's tea store, and congratulated himself that Kennedy and his father were with him.

"Pete, take ze helm a moment," said his father.

He went into the cabin, and returned with his Winchester.

"I guess I'll get ze old gal ready," said he. "She may want to say a word or two in zis affair."

He proceeded to fill the magazine with cartridges. Captain Kennedy alone seemed to make no warlike preparations, and when the fisherman commented on the fact, he smiled and answered:

"Oh! that's all right. I always go heeled, but I'm like a bee, I carry my sting out of sight."

In the meantime the skies had become cloudier, and the moon shone out fitfully, while the increasing pitching and tossing of the Tyee showed that the sea was rapidly getting up.

"How far are we from shore?" asked Kennedy.

"About zree miles, sir, and I zink we had better get in closer," answered the fisherman. "Zat canoe will run closer in zis sea way, and we need to get zem against ze sky if we want to see zem in zis light. We had better hoist ze jib, and run in a bit."

"All right."

"Zen hoist away, Pete."

"Aye, aye, sir!" and the young sailor bowsed away on the halliards.

Another half hour passed with leaden feet. The sloop lay close by the shore of San Juan in inky shadow that made even her swelling white jib seem black as a pall. Mr. Graignic kept her making easy stretches, going about without the rattle of a block or a flap of the canvas every ten or fifteen minutes. Not a word was spoken, but Kennedy who was an authority on aquatic matters himself, acknowledged in his own mind that the Frenchman was past-master in the art of small boat sailing.

At last the stars began to pale in the skies, and the watch of each one grew more intense, as they began to fear they had missed their quarry. But no! Pete cocked his ear like a hound! his keen, half Indian hearing had detected a sound. He

lifted his hand to attract the attention of the others.

Captain Kennedy seized the glasses, and glued them to his eyes. In a moment he saw a faint, black streak against the heavens just beginning to grow pallid with the coming dawn. Faint phosphorescent flashes glowed at intervals by this streak, and he handed the binoculars with a deep sigh of relief to Graignic, as he said softly:

"There's the canoe."

"Yes," answered the fisherman, who "picked it up" at once, "zat's her. And now, what are we going to do? Zey have not seen us, but it will be broad day in half an hour."

"Can we keep them in sight ten or fifteen minutes without them knowing it? After that they can't get away even if the Tyee is discovered."

"I zink so, I'll try," answered the fisherman. "We'll lay a little closer in, and keep ze shadow of ze shore black on us."

The two men and the boy sat in the stern sheets of the Tyee as she flitted stealthily over the water. The fisherman's skillful hand was on the tiller, and his keen glance turned from the canoe in the wind's eye, to the black waters ahead. Captain Pete shivered with suspense, and at times thought he could hear his heart beat. One by one the stars paled, and became invisible. A cold, dim whiteness began to overspread the heavens, beginning in the east, and seeming to widen from there around the rim of the world. The waves, that had resembled

boiling tar, caught the faint ghastly reflection from the sky, and rolled cadaverous and grisly between the Tyee and the canoe. Now the edge of the eastern horizon changed to a delicate saffron, and then all in a moment, the sky was smeared with pink. The canoe became outlined against the heavens, and two black forms were seen in her bending earnestly to the oars.

Precipitous bluffs, twenty-five or thirty feet high, still concealed the Tyee in their somber veil of shadow, but it could not be for long. The canoe was fully twelve hundred yards distant.

"Where are we, Mr. Graignic?" asked Captain Kennedy.

His voice sounded like a fog horn in Pete's ear, although he had not spoken above his breath. The fisherman answered as cautiously:

"Zis bluff ahead is ze souzeastern point of San Juan island. Across zere"—indicating the direction the canoe was heading—"is Reservation, or Sherer's point on Lopez island. Zere is a deep, narrow cove just on ze ozer side of the Point called Otter Hole, and I reckon zat's about the place zose chaps are heading for."

"How far is it?"

"About four miles."

Captain Kennedy pointed to a huge boulder that rose twenty-five feet out of the water about a hundred yards ahead of the Tyee. It stood nearly the same distance from the shore.

"Let's get the sloop behind that boulder," said he, "and lay low until the canoe is midway between this shore and Lopez. Can we catch them before they get ashore at Otter Hole if we start when they are half across?"

"I reckon," replied the fisherman, "we'll make a close finish, anyhow."

A moment brought the Tyee into the desired berth. The jib was lowered, and Pete cautiously dropped a light kedge over the bow to hold on by. They remained quietly ten minutes; then Pete hauled in the anchor, and the fisherman got out his huge sweeps, and brought the boat into a position where they could gain a view of the smugglers. Sure enough, they were tossing in the canoe midway between the two shores.

"Make sail!" said Mr. Graignic, speaking in his natural tones for the first time that morning.

Pete sprang to the peak halliards, and Captain Kennedy took the throat as before. In a twinkle the great sail from which the reefs had been shaken, was drawing like a board, and the Tyee gallantly rushed through the waters with her lee gunwale awash. The jib was set, with the result of increasing the sloop's speed, at the same time making her motion steadier and more comfortable. Captain Kennedy stood forward holding on by a stay, and looking eagerly through his glasses ahead.

"Hooray!" he shouted, "now they see us, and are getting a hustle on themselves. If they get an idea

we are revenue people, Mike will begin to figure on how to get rid of that dope. Three-fingered Bill is that pig-headed that he'd fight before he'd throw it overboard. Get on their track Mr. Graignic, and follow it as much as possible, and Pete and you had better keep a sharp lookout, for I wouldn't be surprised if Mike were to fling it out. But he'd have a string tied to it, you bet."

"He may have some *cache* on shore, and count on reaching zat," suggested the fisherman.

"We'll hope so," returned Kennedy, "for we are going to push them so close that they won't have much time to *cache* anything."

By this time the race—winning which meant preserving their threatened liberty to the fugitives, and glory and profit to the pursuers—became very exciting. The men in the canoe pulled nobly, and nobly did their craft respond to the demands made upon it. Despite the lumpiness of the water she flew over the sea like a deer over the prairie. The gallant Tyee—a mile behind—swooped along like a great, white-winged bird of prey. The fisherman stood at the helm, his gray eye sparkling with animation, keeping the sail a rap full, and not losing an inch that could possibly be gotten out of the boat. It was broad daylight now, and the Lopez shore was fully opened up in front of them. There, right ahead, was Reservation point, and Otter Hole just around it. It was fully evident now that the smug-

glers realized that the Tyee was in pursuit, and as the distance narrowed between the two boats the men in the canoe redoubled their exertions until she fairly flew. The water was also in their favor, for they were in a measure under the lee of San Juan, and the wind did not have its full sweep, consequently the waves were not so high as they had been.

The fisherman measured the distance between the Tyee and the canoe with his eye again and again, and did not seem content with the result, for he shook his head in dissatisfaction.

"We ain't gaining fast enough," said he finally. "Pete, give a pull on ze jib halliards, zen tauten ze peak of ze mains'l. We want every inch to draw now, or they'll land and get into ze brush before we can catch zem."

Pete executed these orders, and then came back by his father, who still looked discontented.

"Dad," said he, "the sweeps?"

These were two huge oars with which the sloop was equipped, and by the aid of which, when the wind failed, she could be propelled at quite at reasonable rate of speed.

"I guess we'll get zem out," said Mr. Graignic. "Captain Kennedy, can you handle a sweep?"

"Try me!" was the answer.

"Then Pete, you take the tiller, and just keep that leech shivering."

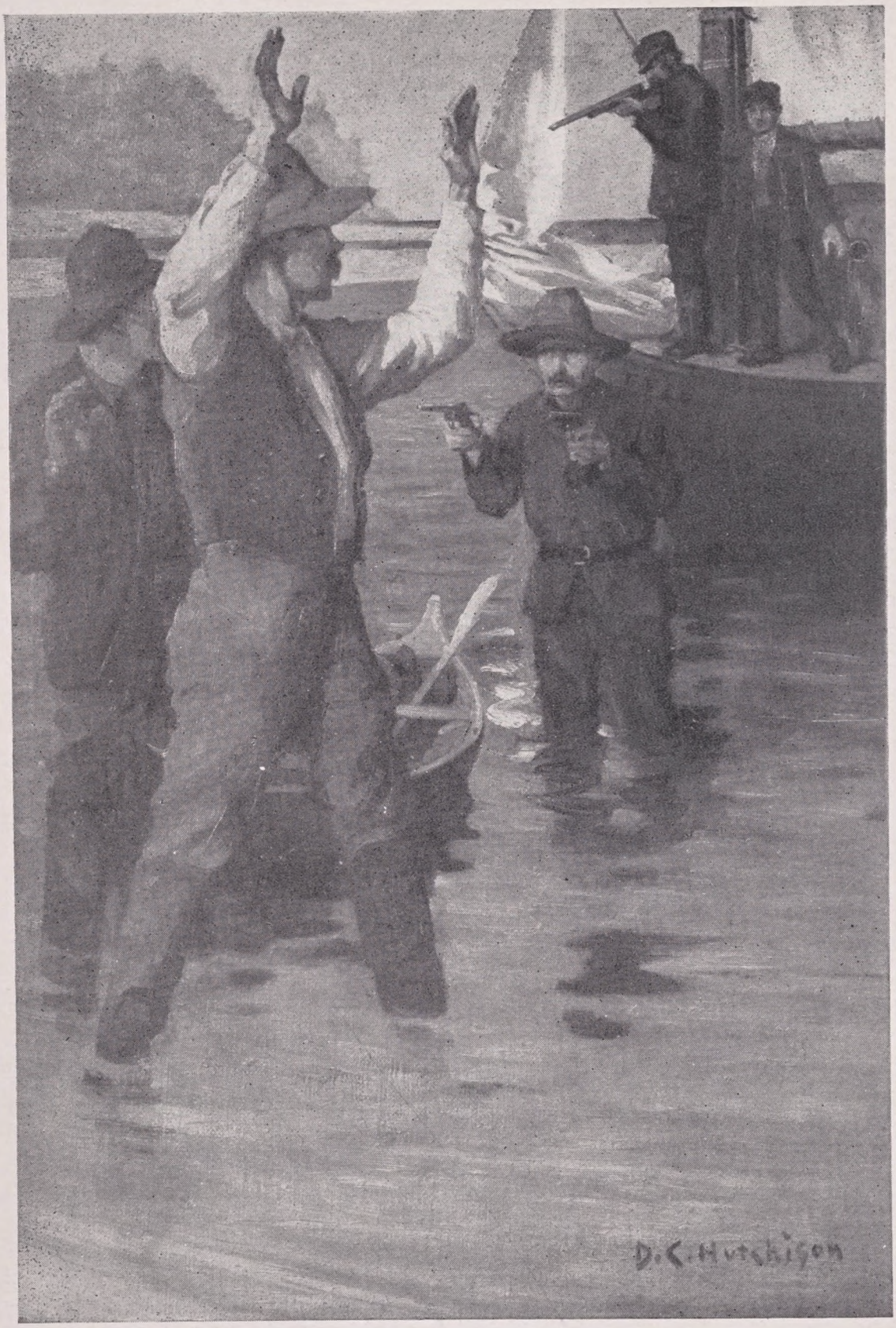
He and Kennedy each took a sweep, and placed it in the row locks, facing the bow, for the sweeps were pushed instead of pulled.

"Now don't catch a crab!" said the fisherman, as they each gave way simultaneously.

Kennedy did not answer, but he clenched his teeth, and swung to the great oar as if he meant to break it, or pull the boat around. The sinewy fisherman, however, whose spare frame was all catgut and whalebone, was not the man to be pulled around, as the officer soon found. A few minutes of this exercise cleared the clouds from Mr. Graignic's brow.

"Zat's it! Now we've got 'em!" he exclaimed, as he noted that they were hauling up on the canoe. "Steer small, Pete."

And now at last they were around the point, and Otter Hole opened deep and dark before them. The canoe flew in. Pete jibed the Tyee, took the wind on the opposite quarter, and swept in after like a greyhound straining behind his quarry. The smugglers headed for a point on the shore about a thousand yards ahead, and pulled like mad. But no matter how hard, under Pete's skillful management, and the tremendous exertions of Captain Kennedy and Mr. Graignic, the sloop went two feet to the canoe's one. Now only five hundred yards, and the Tyee two hundred and fifty in the rear! The smugglers made another frenzied spurt, and in



UP WENT TWO PAIR OF HANDS

spite of all that could be done by the pursuers, they drew a little ahead.

One hundred yards! Fifty!

"Tonnerre! here's shoal water," grunted the fisherman. "Zey'll run up ten yards nearer ze beach zan we can."

Both boats struck the sand at the same moment, and almost before his companions could realize it, Captain Kennedy was over the side, and striding like Antæus through three feet of water towards the smugglers with a revolver in each hand.

"Don't move, you fellows!" he called out, "if you do, I'll shoot!"

"I'm here, too," said the sonorous voice of the fisherman, "and I zink it won't be healzy for eizer of you to cross zat strip of beach to ze timber."

Mike and Three-fingered Bill looked around and saw Mr. Graignic standing on the bow of the Tyee with his Winchester at his shoulder, covering Captain Kennedy's advance.

"Throw up your hands!" commanded the revenue man with a threatening gesture of the gun in his right fist, as he stepped on the beach.

Up went two pair of hands as mechanically as if Captain Kennedy had operated them by machinery.

"Now, Captain Pete," continued he, "bring me those bracelets on the thwart."

As Pete obeyed, Mike McGovern gave vent to a

deep and audible oath. Kennedy smiled soothingly, and proceeded to put the handcuffs on each of the precious pair, an operation to which they submitted like lambs, for the deadly muzzle of the fisherman's Winchester took all the heart out of them.

"Get your gun out, Pete," said Kennedy, "and stand guard over these chaps while I examine the canoe. Don't be afraid to shoot if they try any tricks, for they are a slippery pair."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Pete simply, and he got his revolver out with a steadiness that did him credit, and faced the two rascals undauntedly.

Mike McGovern scowled at him viciously and said:

"I'll get a crack at you, you young devil, one of these days, and then you won't feel so proud of yourself as you do now. First you lay my pardner by the heels, and then you get me. The boys are looking out for you already, but when they hear of this last job of yours, they won't sleep easy till they do you up."

Captain Pete thought this an extremely probable and very unpleasant fact, and was revolving an answer in his mind, when Kennedy, who had heard Mike's threat, strode up to that individual, and seized him by the throat in an iron grip that effectually stopped his tongue from further wagging.

"Now," said the revenue man, "if you say another word until I tell you to talk, I'll choke the life

out of you. And let me say to both of you, and you may tell it to any one you like, if Pete Graignic is ever troubled by any of you fellows, I'll follow him across the continent to catch him, and if there is enough left of him when I am thro' I'll have him hung. Now, you blackguard, take fair warning."

And he gave the wretch a toss with the full vigor of his strong arm. Mike fell over on the back of his head, and then sat up on the sand gasping, while Three-fingered Bill, on whom the captain now bent his wrathful eye, preserved a discreet silence, and tried to look innocent of any intention to offend. Kennedy slowly and rather reluctantly turned back to the canoe, where Mr. Graignic awaited him.

"Zey have made a magnificent boat out of zis canoe," observed the latter to Kennedy. "See how zey have fined out her lines! And zey have cross-braced her, and built big lockers in ze bow and stern sheets."

"Yes, she's a daisy," agreed he, "and she'll come in very handy for revenue service. But there's nothing in the bottom of her, let's look into those lockers. I'm sure they haven't had an instant's time to heave the dope overboard since we sighted them, and so it must be in there."

Sure enough both lockers were found stored full of five tael cans of opium.

"By the stripes of the Zebra!" exclaimed Kennedy enthusiastically, "this is a good job for us. There must be close onto two hundred pounds of the stuff

here. That will make a good divvy between us. There'll be $1200 of good American money in it for four of us, as we'll have to let Harker in. There's three hundred more for Pete, and three hundred for you Mr. Graignic, and I must say, you've both earned it."

CHAPTER TWELVE

"NOW what?" asked the fisherman.

"Get to Port Townsend as soon as possible, and hand over the dope and prisoners to the Collector. Great Snakes! won't he be tickled!"

"Zen," said Mr. Graignic, "we'd better take ze canoe in tow, and start. If zis wind holds I'll get you zere by two o'clock zis afternoon."

"Right you are. We'll make a start, and then Pete shall get us some breakfast, for this kind of work gives me an appetite."

They shoved the Tyee off into about six feet of water, and took the canoe alongside, transferring the precious cargo to the safe-keeping of the locker in the sloop. Kennedy went ashore again in the canoe, and brought off Captain Pete, and the two smugglers. While doing so, he informed Pete, with delightful disregard of the feelings of the two rascals, of the rich prize they had secured. Pete was bewildered by this new accession of wealth, but delighted to find they were bound for Port Townsend, for he was glad of the chance to meet the collector, and perhaps also, he was not unwilling to see his daughter Grace again. At any rate, he made not the slightest objection to the proposed trip, and after Mike and Bill were securely fastened to

the iron stanchions in the cockpit, started up the fire in the little cook stove in the cabin, and set about his preparations for breakfast in a very merry and hopeful frame of mind; not at all bothered by visions of future complications with the smugglers or their friends.

That morning meal was a jolly and hearty one —at least to Pete and his friends—and if it had not been for the two sour-faced miscreants who sat bound in the bottom of the boat, it might have been mistaken for a picnicking party enjoying life on the sunny waters without a care.

To add to their pleasure, about eight o'clock and shortly after Pete had finished washing his breakfast dishes, the Black Pup hove in sight. A revenue flag, which was part of Captain Kennedy's equipment, was hoisted at the gaff. This brought Lieutenant Higgins up with a full head of steam, and he was delighted when he heard the story of the important capture. His blue eyes twinkled with satisfaction, though he affected to grumble at Pete's luck, and swore he'd drive that "young cub" off the Sound if he didn't stop interfering with the revenue men, and picking up the prizes they were justly entitled to.

"I suppose," said he addressing Pete, "you will want to give up the fishing business altogether, and go to catching smugglers instead of halibut. What are you going to do with all your money, anyhow? I have a notion to come up to Wald-

ron island, and take it away from you some fine night."

This banter tickled Pete, for he understood the worthy lieutenant thoroughly and enjoyed his joking.

"Come along, sir," cried he merrily, "Dad and I will be on the lookout for you. See my new gun?"

"By thunder!" growled the sea dog, "if the whippersnapper hasn't got a gun! Well, it's more dangerous to you than it is to anybody else. That's one comfort."

"Don't be to sure of that," laughed Pete, "I'm going to be a dead shot in a week."

"Let the lad alone, you envious old sorehead," said Kennedy, who was a particular chum of the lieutenant.

After this incident came the long sail through the beautiful archipelago, and as the fisherman had predicted, they arrived in Fort Townsend early in the afternoon.

The prisoners were shackled together, and the revenue officer, who had an eye to dramatic effect, marched them up Water street to the custom house building. The Collector was as much pleased as Captain Kennedy had anticipated when he heard the tale of the capture of Mike McGovern, and Three-fingered Bill.

"By George!" he ejaculated, "that breaks up the whole crew. Now that we've nailed these three fellows, it'll scare the rest so that I'll have an easy

time of it for months. These were the ringleaders of half the revenue trouble on the Sound. And to think that little Captain Pete was in it again! By Jove! that boy is a mascot to the customs department of Puget Sound. Pete, I've a good mind to stuff you, and hang you up over the department door."

"I was stuffed by Captain Kennedy, sir," answered Pete, "before I left Victoria, at the Poodle Dog restaurant."

This drew a laugh from them all, and then Kennedy told how Pete had wanted to eat pork and beans and ice cream on that occasion, which made Pete turn red, and hope in his mind, that the Collector would not repeat the story to Grace.

Before they left the office the captured opium was weighed, and there was found to be exactly 224 pounds, which valued at $12 per pound would amount to $2688, half of which would go to Pete, his father, Kennedy, and Harker in equal shares of $336 each.

"And by the way," said the Collector, "I have had your account allowed for the Bill Kelley affair, and so Mr. Graignic, here is a United States draft for $320 as your share of the opium find in Dogfish pass. Captain Pete, step up here a moment. Here's a check for you, too. Look at it, and see if it's right, and then give me a receipt for it."

Pete took the oblong piece of paper, and studied it a minute. At last he puzzled out that it was a

United States order to pay to Captain Pete Graignic the sum of $520.00.

"Five hundred and twenty dollars!" he gasped, "is that all mine?"

"Yes, Pete," said the Collector kindly, "you are paid $200 for your assistance, and the use of your boat at the capture of the smugglers, in addition to the $320 you are entitled to for the discovery of the opium. There's the receipt."

The boy took a pen with trembling fingers, and wrote his name on the form.

"You had better come up, and see Mrs. Hogan and the girls to-night," said the Collector as Pete and his father took their departure.

"Thank you, sir, I'll come," was Pete's answer.

"Now, Pete," observed the fisherman, as they walked down the street. "What shall we do wiz our money? We don't want to carry zese checks around wiz us."

"I wanted to take mine to Major Fisher," replied he, "and ask him the best way to lay it out on my education."

"Well, zat's right," said his father, "but I guess you had better come into ze Port Townsend National Bank here wiz me. You can deposit ze treasury order, and open an account. Zen when you want to give any, or all of it to ze Major, you can write him a check for ze amount. In zat way you will be safer. You might lose ze treasury check, or

have it stolen. Zat's what I'm going to do wiz my $320."

"All right, sir. I'll do so too."

Pete was so dazzled by his splendid stroke of fortune, and such palpable evidence of his wealth as the possession of a bank account, and being able to draw his own check, that the polite receiving teller who took his deposit, could hardly realize that this dazed little man was the Captain Pete with whose praises the whole town was ringing. However, he gave the boy his deposit book entered up with the amount $520, and courteously asked him if he would like a pocket check book. This question bewildered our hero still more, but his father answered for him, and a neat little book was passed over. Then Mr. Graignic transacted his business, and the two went down to the Tyee, where Pete recovered his balance in the familiar occupation of getting supper. He stopped, however, while he was frying eggs and bacon, to take out his check book, and gaze fondly on it.

"Let's go up the hill, Dad," said Pete, as the hands of the clock began to near eight, "to the Collector's house. You know he asked us."

"I'll walk up wiz you, but not go in. I must hunt up an old friend I want to see to-night. However, I'll call for you at ten o'clock, and we'll come home togezzer."

Now the truth of the matter was that the wise old fisherman was not acquainted with a soul in Port

Townsend that he cared a snap of his finger about seeing, but he knew that the Collector had taken a fancy to his boy; and that while he and his family would be glad to see him, it was certain that they would not care much about having his father—a grizzled old French fisherman, married to an Indian woman—visit them. Moreover, he suspected it might possibly do actual harm to the lad's prospects if his new friends were brought into contact with his family. He had the sagacity to conceal this view of affairs from his son, for he knew it would only make the boy uncomfortable, and perhaps resentful to what was perfectly natural and right. It was easy to see where some of Pete's character came from.

Pete spent a little more time than the fisherman considered necessary in getting himself up, and brushing his hair. He did not know of Grace, for Pete—the sly rascal—had scarcely mentioned her, and soon they started up the steep flight of wooden steps, by which the upper town was reached from the water front.

The boy rang at the door bell as his father went away, and the servant, who recognized him, took his cap from his hand, and opening the parlor door, announced:

"Mr. Graignic!"

The Collector's family were all gathered about the open fireplace, and the two girls at once arose as his name was announced.

"Come over here, Pete, my boy," called out the Collector, "I am not going to let the girls have you all to themselves."

Pete shook hands with Grace and her sister, and made his way to Mrs. Hogan, whom he greeted, and finally sat down by the Collector.

"You have been distinguishing yourself again, Mr. Graignic, I hear," said Mrs. Hogan.

Pete was elated at hearing himself called mister, but the next moment he took it all back, for Grace's silvery voice chimed in:

"Mamma! don't call him Mr. Graignic. He's our friend Captain Pete. Aren't you, Pete?" and she laughed gaily.

"Call me anything you please," said he, "as long as you're my friend."

"That's right, Pete," spoke up the Collector, "but Mrs. Hogan and the girls want you to tell them the story of your last adventure with the smugglers."

"You can tell it, sir, ever so much better than I."

"No! no!" burst in Grace again. "No one but the hero shall tell the story. Now, please, Captain Pete?"

And she put up her little white paws like a begging puppy.

The boy related the story, and really told it very well and modestly, while the women hung on his words, and shivered, and trembled at the exciting parts, and overwhelmed him with praise when he was through.

"Pete," said the Collector, who had been gazing into the fire thoughtfully during the latter part of his story, "you will have between eight and nine hundred dollars of your own when you get settled up for this last affair."

"Yes, sir."

"What are you going to do with it?"

They all watched Captain Pete's ingenuous face for the answer. It did not come readily. He started to speak, and then blushed vividly through his tan, and was so manifestly embarrassed that the Collector made haste to say.

"Well, there, never mind, my boy. I suppose it's none of my business. Only we're all friends of yours here, and naturally feel interested in your affairs."

Pete made an effort, and blurted out:

"I don't mind telling you at all, sir, only I was afraid you might laugh at me. I am going to try to get an education with it, sir. I know what a dunce I am, but I will study hard, and my father has consented, and Major Fisher is going to help me out by showing me how to go to work about it."

"Now, that's capital!" exclaimed the Collector.

And the irrespressible Grace added with great earnestness:

"Captain Pete, I think you are a brave, good boy, and I am proud of your acquaintance."

"Major Fisher is a capital fellow," said the Collector, "you can't go far wrong if you follow his

advice. But where do you propose to study, Pete?"

"I don't know for certain, sir. But I think here in Port Townsend."

"Well, that's brave! If you do, we'll keep an eye on you ourselves. Won't we, ma?"

"We certainly will," answered Grace.

When Pete took his leave, he thought he had never passed a pleasanter evening, and it is to be feared that he was a trifle inattentive to the remarks his father made on the way back to the sloop. The next day Captain Kennedy came down to the Tyee before Mr. Graignic started home. He took the opportunity to say to the fisherman, while his son was in the cabin:

"Mr. Graignic, if I were you, I should keep my eyes open pretty wide when you are around home. I don't want to scare Pete or you, but I think it very likely that some of Kelley's or McGovern's friends may hunt you up, if they are in your neighborhood, and they wouldn't be very gentle if they caught you foul."

"I've figured ze chances of zat, myself," replied the fisherman, "and I zink likely you are right enough. But after all, we've got to take some risk in zis world, and I'm willing to for $320."

"All right. Good-bye, Pete," called the warm-hearted revenue man.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ON the trip back to Waldron island Captain Pete broached the cherished subject of his education again to his father, and it was agreed that as he had now $520 in the bank to start with, there was no reason why he should not put his plans in operation as soon as possible. It was decided that he should go to Friday Harbor the next day in the Tyee, see Major Fisher, and make the arrangements for starting to study as soon as practicable. As Pete put it, he was old enough already, and didn't want to lose another day if he could help it.

When father and son arrived at their home it was late, for the wind had been light and baffling most of the trip. Mrs. Graignic was delighted to hear of the new windfall, but when she was told that Pete was going to the county seat so soon to see the major, she showed her dissatisfaction plainly; and when she had an opportunity in the boy's absence, talked to her husband energetically about the matter. She took a different view of the schooling project from the rest, and while she admitted that it was possibly advisable, she did not approve of its involving a separation from his family. She thought that now, since they had been so fortunate as to earn this large sum, the best plan

would be to leave the farm, and take a house in Port Townsend for a year. Thus Pete could get his schooling while living at home with them.

This proposition put the old fisherman in a quandary. He differed from his spouse, and he did not care about telling her the reasons why he did so. He saw, or thought he saw, clearly that Pete had made a great many friends of late who would, if he followed the career his father anticipated, be of the utmost value to him; and he realized fully that if these people took Pete up, the presence of the boy's connections would certainly prove a clog that would interfere with his progress. Altogether he thought the best thing for Pete's welfare would be to keep his family as far in the background as possible. It was not reasonable, however, to suppose that his wife would be inclined to accept this view of affairs, so he told her what Captain Kennedy had said about the probability of the smugglers attempting to do them some injury. Nothing was so likely, he assured her, as that they would pay a visit to the ranche some day, and burn the buildings, and otherwise destroy the property if there were no one there to prevent them. This argument appealed strongly to the Indian woman, who did not want to risk losing her home, so she finally came around to her husband's opinion.

The next morning Captain Pete was up bright and early. He went aboard the Tyee, and gave her a thorough scrubbing, inboard and outboard, of

which she stood in need, for her late voyage had left its traces. He overhauled the rigging to see that she showed no signs of wear and tear, and wound up by making everything as snug as he could. Then he stripped, and diving from the deck into the cool, clean, salt water, had a glorious swim. He came in to breakfast dressed in his new toggery, and looked so handsome, healthy, and good that his father glanced at him in honest pride.

Pete made away with a hearty breakfast of fried eggs and bacon, potatoes, and hot biscuit, and saying good-bye, set off for Friday Harbor. But oh! how different, thought he, as he stood by the tiller, and watched the spray fly on either side of the gallant sloop's cutwater—from the last time that he had come along to peddle fish. Then he didn't know Tom, or Mrs. Fisher, or the Major, or the Collector, or—Grace. Then he was a little ragged urchin, foredoomed to a life of incessant and ignoble toil, with no higher aspirations than the successful sale of a load of fish.

Now, he seemed in the first place, years older. He had been among men, and had been tried, and not found wanting. He had a fortune—nearly a thousand dollars, counting the last haul; and above all, he was going to be educated, and have a chance in life. He might if he were worthy become a merchant, or a lawyer, or a doctor—anything was in his reach. He could live in a nice house, and have pretty things around him, he could wear good

clothes all the time, and live on terms of equality with even such people as the Collector. Why not? It all depended on himself. At the thought, his cheek flushed, his bosom swelled, and he felt the courage and faith that moves mountains in his heart.

Tom Fisher stood on Sweeney's wharf as the Tyee, and her boy captain came up to the pier. Pete, by the way, had written a letter to Tom on his arrival at Port Townsend, telling him of his latest adventure, and his intention to come and see the major as soon as possible.

When the two friends met after the boat was tied, there was great handshaking, and a number of breathless questions, and delighted remarks from Tom, which were as eagerly and cordially responded to by Pete.

As they passed by Sweeney's store on the way to the hotel, that jolly giant espied the captain, and came out:

"Well, I didn't think you'd get proud so easy, Captain Pete!" said he, "ain't you going to speak to your old friends, now you've got prosperous and wear store clothes?"

Pete laughed, and answered composedly—for he was rapidly becoming accustomed to his new estate:

"You mustn't judge me too harshly, Mr. Sweeney, because I didn't buy my new clothes of you."

"That's it! that's it! you're getting too proud to deal in a country store now," returned the Irishman, as he shook hands heartily with the boy. "Well, anyhow, Pete, I'm glad to hear such good accounts of you. You've showed those custom house fellows the stuff a San Juan boy is made of, and I guess there's nothing wrong if you do feel your oats a little."

"Much obliged, Mr. Sweeney," said Pete, more soberly, "but I don't think you need be afraid of my getting proud."

"That's right, Pete. I'll back you not to make much of a fool of yourself."

The lads passed on, and found Mrs. Fisher on the hotel piazza.

"My dear boy," she said, as she warmly greeted Pete, "how well you are looking. Major Fisher is upstairs writing some letters, and said you were to come to him as soon as you arrived. Tom, you show Captain Pete the way, and come down again. I want you to walk with me to the store."

"All right, mother," answered Tom, who knew his father desired to talk to Pete alone.

As the fisher boy entered the room, the major turned from the table where he had been writing:

"Hallo, Captain," said he, "I've been waiting for you! Sit down here. I hear from Lieutenant Higgins and Tom that you've had another slice of good luck in the smuggling way. Well, that's tip-top. How much this time, Pete?"

"Between three and four hundred dollars, the Collector said. And Major, when I was in Port Townsend he gave me $520 for the Bill Kelley business, and I've got it deposited in the Port Townsend National Bank."

"Well! well!" exclaimed the major, "between eight and nine hundred dollars in less than one month! That's not bad for a boy. But you have earned it fairly. However, you must not expect that money always comes in so easily as that. You have been very lucky."

"I know that, sir," returned the lad. "It'll be a long time before I can do it again; and so I want to make the best use of it possible. And, sir, my father told me to get your advice, and act just as you said about it all."

"He did, eh? Well, that's very flattering, and kind of you and him. But do you know, my boy, it is a great deal of responsibility for me to take. If, for instance, I tell you what to do with your money, and you should lose it through taking my advice, what would you and your father think of me?"

Pete looked blank as this possibility was suggested to him, but he rallied at once, and said:

"Why, that it couldn't be helped, sir. And besides, it's much less likely than if I engineered it myself. Won't you please take it all, and lay it out so I can get as much as possible for it in the way of education? By the time it is gone, perhaps I can work, and earn more."

"Well, Pete, since you want it so much, and your father is willing, I'll do the best I can for you. In the first place, you draw me a check for three hundred dollars, and I'll write you a receipt for it. That will leave you a balance of $220 in the bank. I will invest the three hundred for you in land, if you are willing to trust my judgment."

"All right, sir," answered Pete, as he blushingly drew out his check book, and picked up a pen to fill out his first check. He wrote it carefully, and passed it over to the major.

The latter glanced at it, and remarked:

"That would get the money, my boy, but let me show you a wrinkle about drawing checks. First look here. Suppose you had twenty-three hundred dollars in the bank, instead of five hundred and twenty!—" Here he inserted the word twenty in Pete's check before the written sum, and the figure 2 before the figure 3. The check as Pete had filled it out, looked like this:

No. 1. PORT TOWNSEND, Sept. 8th, 1888.

PORT TOWNSEND NATIONAL BANK

Pay to the order of Major Thomas Fisher_____

Three Hundred_____Dollars.

$ 300 Captain Pete Graignic.

After the major had added the word and figure to it, it read as shown below:

No. 1. PORT TOWNSEND, Sept. 8th, 1888.

PORT TOWNSEND NATIONAL BANK

Pay to the order of Major Thomas Fisher_____

Twenty Three Hundred_____Dollars.

$2300. Captain Pete Graignic.

Captain Pete watched the process of transforming three hundred dollars into twenty-three hundred with open mouth.

"Jiminy!" he ejaculated, "I never thought of that way of making two thousand dollars!"

"It has been done very often, my boy, by dishonest men. And that is the reason I spoiled this check showing you the trick. Now take your book again, and fill it out as before, payable to Major Thomas Fisher. Write your three hundred, and put the three close up against this line, and your figure three close to the dollar mark. There, sign your name to it, and you have got a check that nobody can raise on you without erasing something, which the bank clerk is almost sure to detect. Stop! Before you tear out the check, fill in the stub. Sept. 8th, 1888, Major Thos. Fisher, $300. It is well to learn to be precise about these matters,

Pete. Good business habits are very important. And by the way, my lad, what a neat hand you write."

"Yes, sir, father taught me."

"Now let me give you a receipt for the three hundred dollars."

The major wrote one, and passed it to Pete, saying: "There, Pete, put that carefully away, and don't lose it."

"Oh! I'm not afraid you'll run away with the money," said the boy.

"Perhaps not, Pete. But suppose this hotel should burn down some night after I have drawn the money, and I, and all my papers perished in the flames. Where would your three hundred dollars be?"

The boy flushed at his own heedlessness and stupidity: "I see you are right, sir, and I was wrong and very foolish. Nobody would know you had had it, and I could not get it back."

Then he carefully folded up the previously despised receipt, and put it in his inside pocket.

"I told you I was going to buy land for you with that three hundred dollars, Pete," continued the major, "would you like to know where?"

"If you please, sir," answered Pete, who although he had perfect confidence in his friend's judgment, was determined to make no more mistakes.

"Well, come and look at this map of Hidalgo island."

"Yes, sir, I know it well. Dad and I have often been there hunting."

"So much the better. Now what I am going to tell you, Pete, you must not repeat to any one. I am showing how much confidence I have in your discretion and good sense by telling you."

Pete set his teeth tight, and looked very resolute, and after glancing at his speaking face, the major resumed:

"I have reason to believe—good reason, that is in fact, a certainty—that some very wealthy men have bought land on Hidalgo and intend to build a large city there. You see, it is only slightly separated from the mainland, and a railroad can be easily built to it. It has a splendid water front, and possible accommodations for shipping; and it lies practically at the mouth of a large valley that has an enormous amount of timber, and will eventually possess agricultural wealth."

"Yes, sir," said Pete, looking very earnest now, "I understand."

"Well, in short," continued the major, "I have so much confidence in there being a city on that island that I have invested all the savings I have in buying land there. I think in a few years—maybe two or three—I shall make a great deal of money from the investment. Now I know of thirty acres on Hidalgo bay, alongside of a place I own that can be bought for ten dollars an acre. This is where

I intend to put your money, Pete, and I hope you will make your hundreds into thousands if we have good luck."

The fisher boy drew a long breath. He had a vivid imagination, and he realized at once the magnitude of what the major was doing for him. If the city were built—and the major was so certain of it he had put his own money in it—his thirty acres would make him a rich man.

"Oh! Major!" he cried, "what can I do to show you how thankful I am?"

"Never mind that yet, Pete. Don't be too sure. Nothing is absolutely certain in this world but Death and Taxes. I may be fooling my money, and yours away on wild land, though I think, even at that, we cannot lose much in the end."

"I am satisfied, sir," said the boy.

"All right then, I will make the deal for you, and have the deed made out in your name. I'll have it all attended to in a week. Now about your other plans. How would you like to go to Port Townsend with us next week?"

"Very much," answered the boy, his face lighting up.

"Well, I don't see any reason why you shouldn't. I know a man there who is a sound scholar, and has been unfortunate in business. I think he would be glad to give you lessons in any of the branches you require at present at the rate of ten or fifteen

dollars a month. Then you can live with us, or if you prefer it, take a room of your own, and do your cooking yourself, or eat at the restaurants."

"I believe I would rather do the last, sir. That is, take a room, and do my own cooking," concluded Pete, who was as independent as Julius Cæsar, and knew that the major did not intend to take any money for his board.

"I thought it likely you would," rejoined the major with a smile, "and perhaps you are right. At any rate, I hope you will come and see us as often as your studies will permit."

"Won't I!" exclaimed Pete in a very convincing tone, "you're awfully good to let me."

"Then that settles it all. Now go and see Tom and Mrs. Fisher, and I'll finish my writing. But remember, Pete, don't breathe a word about Hidalgo island. I depend on your honor."

"Yes, sir—no, sir—I mean you may trust me sir."

Mrs. Fisher and Tom were awaiting him, and they saw at once by the glad light in his face, that everything had gone as he wished.

"Well, Pete," asked the lady, "have you made up your mind to go to Port Townsend with us, when we leave here?"

"Yes, ma'am. Oh! Mrs. Fisher, what a kind man the major is, and how good he has been to me!"

She smiled proudly. Even the fisher boy's tribute to her husband was precious to her.

"Are you going to live with us?" Tom burst in.

Pete answered somewhat uncomfortably: "No, Tom. I thought I would rather keep house myself."

"That's mean of you," remarked Tom, promptly and decidedly, "I was afraid you wouldn't. We'd have had bully times together."

"You'll see plenty of me, anyhow," rejoined Pete, "when I ain't busy with my lessons. But I'll have to study hard; remember how much I've got to make up. Mrs. Fisher, mayn't I take Tom home with me to-day to stay until I come back to go up with you?"

"You had better ask the Major, Captain Pete. You cannot start before dinner, any way."

The major decided that as there were only four days until they all left, Tom could accompany Pete, and stay with him half the time, provided Pete would then return, and visit his son the remainder of the period, and this was finally settled on.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

AFTER dining with Mrs. Fisher and the major, the boys started back in the sloop, and arrived at Waldron island early in the evening without any adventure worth recording.

Mr. and Mrs. Graignic were told of the arrangement in regard to Pete, and that he had decided to go to Port Townsend on the following Monday to begin his studies. The announcement had an unexpected effect on Pete's mother. She said nothing at the time, but a half hour later Pete discovered her out in the back yard under an apple tree, with her head buried in her apron, and her shoulders heaving convulsively. This was so unlike the stolid mother whom he had never seen give way to emotion that the boy was greatly alarmed. He ran hastily for his father, and the two between them, finally soothed and cheered her until she suffered herself to be somewhat comforted. The fisherman found out that she comprehended far more than he had wished her to, of his desires and intentions in regard to Pete's future. In fact, the poor creature had conceived the idea that she herself was the stumbling-block in the way of her son's advancement, and with a mother's abnegation, she had now resolved to deny herself

ever seeing him again, in order that his welfare might be the more fully established. Mr. Graignic was careful to prevent Pete from perceiving her frame of mind, and at last succeeded in convincing her that her fears were groundless, and that after a time they would all live together again as before.

The fisherman had never before seen his wife overcome by her feelings, and he felt that it marked the difference between her and most of her nationality, in whom as a rule, even femininity does not soften the racial characteristics. On the whole, he was rather proud that she felt the separation so deeply. At the same time, he knew in his own heart that this would probably be final, and although he was prepared to sacrifice everything to his boy's advantage, the wrench of parting was a hard one to him, as well as to his wife.

Naturally, such being the state of mind of both parents, those last days were not greatly enjoyed by either Tom or Pete. The latter was depressed and his almost remorseful tenderness to his father and mother and the children was very noticeable. When the last morning came Pete broke down completely. His father had given him a seaman's chest, which was packed full of everything his mother thought he was likely to need in the refined state of society he was going to enter. Pete often looked over the barbaric collection afterwards with a smile on his lips, and a wet eye.

As the dingy was hauled up to the water's edge,

the whole group gathered around Pete. His eyes streamed as he kissed them all, and followed Tom and his father into the boat. In a moment more they were on the Tyee, the anchor up, and sail set, and Pete was off on his voyage into an unknown world.

The fisherman took the boys to Friday Harbor in order to bring home the sloop, and he did not linger about his return. First, however, he called on Major Fisher, and thanked him for his good offices in regard to Pete. In fact, they had a private talk which appeared greatly to cheer him, for the major, who had come to respect the sturdy old fisherman, pictured Pete's future to him in glowing colors, and spoke so confidently in regard to the boy's willingness and ability to take advantage of his opportunities, that Mr. Graignic was not only satisfied, but delighted with his son's prospects. The major also promised to keep a general supervision over the boy, and to let his father know by letter from time to time of his progress. Then he embraced his son, and set sail for his lonely home.

Two days after this the Fishers and Pete embarked on the Evangel for Port Townsend. The latter spent a great deal of time in the engine room, and gained so much practical information that he was almost qualified to take out a license by the end of the trip.

The Fishers rented a house by the year in Port Townsend, and as they insisted that Pete should re-

main with them until he got settled in his own quarters, the two boys slept together that night. The next morning after breakfast, Pete caught an opportunity to speak to the major alone:

"Major," he said, "I have no time to waste, and I am going to hunt up a room this morning. I shall buy the furniture, and get fixed so I can turn in there to-night. If we can see that man you thought would teach me this afternoon or evening, I could just as well as not commence my lessons to-morrow."

"You do not intend to let grass grow under your feet, do you?" observed the major, well pleased with this evidence of his protégé's energy and promptness. "Well, go ahead, but don't you think you had better take Tom with you? He's a sharp fellow, and knows more about prices than you do."

"I was going to ask him, sir."

"All right, then. I will see Mr. Patton, the gentleman I had in mind, this morning, and if he can teach you, I will make an appointment with him to meet you here this evening."

The boys were so fortunate as to find, only two blocks away, an old couple who had more room in their house than they needed, and were glad to rent to Pete, at two dollars a month, a large apartment on the ground floor with a door opening directly into the yard, so that he could go out and in without disturbing the other inmates of the house. This suited him precisely, and the two lads started down

to Water street at once to purchase the necessary furniture for Pete's housekeeping.

On his former visit to the city Pete had observed a number of secondhand stores that seemed to have abundant stocks of furniture and household goods, and it was these that he proposed to patronize. As a matter of fact, the secondhand store business was a flourishing one in the Northwest during the boom times. Many people moved from one town to another, hurrying in the race for wealth, as they saw new or better chances to do business. Money was plentiful, and transportation facilities so limited and expensive, that most families sold their household effects for what they would bring at auction, and purchased new furnishings when they settled down again. This was the golden opportunity of the secondhand-man, and his race multiplied, and waxed fat.

The boys soon found a shop that appeared to answer their purpose, and went in to price the articles they had on their list. The merchant saw at once that the boys had money, and meant business, and with the instincts of his class, calculated on working some of his unsaleable stock off on them. He soon found, however, that he had made a mistake, and that if Captain Pete was a greenhorn, he was about the coolest and most practical one this dealer had ever come across, while Tom Fisher had an amount of tact and worldly wisdom that compelled admiration.

After a few preliminary skirmishes in which the lads showed their mettle, the dealer came down to business. Pete finally bought a folding bedstead, a kitchen stove, some tables and chairs, and the requisite cooking utensils at a very reasonable figure. He ordered, on Tom's hint, a receipted bill made out, and filled a check for the amount on the spot. Then he directed the things to be sent to his room.

When they returned, they found the furniture had already arrived. As it was still a couple of hours until lunch time, the boys took off their coats, and set to with a will to get things in order. The stove was first put up, and the rest of the bulky articles arranged in place, after which Pete borrowed a hammer and some nails from his landlord, and fixed up shelves for his crockery, etc. Finally he tacked up some muslin he had bought to serve as a screen, and soon had the kitchen partitioned off. The result of their combined labors was that they turned the large, bare room into a very comfortable apartment for a bachelor boy, and as Pete found out when he consulted the stubs of his check book, it had only cost him $38.75.

Nevertheless the fisher boy looked grave when he summed up the amount—which indeed was larger than it would have been had it not been for the advice and encouragement of Tom—and was inclined to tax himself with extravagance. Tom, however, pointed out to him that his purchases had

been so judiciously made that the articles would sell again for nearly the sum they had cost, at the end of his use of them, and—

"Besides," added he, "a fellow must look decent, and live decently, if he wants to be anybody."

This last observation did more to convince Pete than all the balance of Tom's logic, and as they went to lunch, he no longer regretted the expenditure, because if it bought decency, it was well spent. The major expressed himself well pleased with the result of the boy's morning labors, and said he would walk over that afternoon with Mrs. Fisher to view Pete's new home. He was acquainted with the old gentleman from whom the room had been rented, and said he was thoroughly respectable, and the place probably fit in every way. As for himself, he had seen Mr. Patton, who would undertake to coach Pete in his studies for a reasonable sum, and would come around at eight that evening to make the acquaintance of his new pupil, and lay out the course of study.

After lunch the boys returned to Pete's room. They made a trip out for the purpose of laying in a stock of groceries, and on their return found Tom's father and mother had arrived. They were well satisfied with the looks of things, and the lady suggested some changes in the arrangement of the furniture, which were executed on the spot with the result that the room looked much cosier. She also offered to lend Pete a rug which was not in

use, to put in the center of the floor, and in spite of his dislike to being under obligations, he accepted because he was afraid of offending her by a refusal.

"Suppose you boys walk down with us," said Mrs. Fisher, as she and her husband were about to depart. "We are going to call at the Collector's and bid good-bye to Gracie."

"Why," asked Pete looking greatly interested, "where is she going, Mrs. Fisher?"

"Didn't you know, Captain Pete?" she answered. "She is going to New York city to-night to spend a couple of years with Mrs. Wilton, Collector Hogan's sister, for the purpose of finishing her education."

Pete distinctly felt his heart drop down, and strike his boot soles, but as he noticed that Tom was looking at him he pulled himself together with a tremendous effort. No one should know what a silly fool he was, he determined, and he said, distinctly enough:

"No, I did not know she was going away. Yes, I should like to call with you."

Tom took his arm, and a few moments later they were entering the Hogan's parlor. Mrs. Hogan and Grace were there, and very glad to see their visitors.

"I heard you had come to the city," said Grace, laying her slim hand in Pete's hard brown one, "and was wondering whether you would let me

go away for two years without saying good-bye."

"Indeed I would not, Miss Grace, if I had known it; but I just found it out a few moments ago from Mrs. Fisher. I am very sorry," he added.

Grace looked suddenly up, and caught his eye. He was gazing straight at her in his honest, steadfast way. All in a second, she blushed to the tips of her tiny ears, and looking at him deprecatingly, fell back to her mother's side. No one had noticed this little episode, but for some unaccountable reason, Grace, who had up to this time, treated Pete in a frank and almost patronizing way, now shunned him, although in a soft, appealing manner that robbed the action of offense.

The jolly old Collector came in shortly, and greeted Pete with his usual cordiality. The Major had confided our hero's plans to him that morning, and he was delighted, for he took an almost fatherly interest in the lad. He called him to his side, and talked to him kindly and seriously for some time, and made him promise he would pay him frequent visits, and ask his aid or advice whenever it was needed. The captain was greatly affected by his kindness, and he noticed too, with satisfaction, that Grace managed to overhear most of her father's words to him, and seemed pleased at them.

The party returned to the Fishers to dine, and in the evening Mr. Patton made his appearance. He was a tall, slender man, about forty years of age, and appeared to be in delicate health. He

hailed from Connecticut, and had come West with the hope of improving his worldly fortunes, but being married, and well provided for in the matter of children, and scantily supplied with other capital, he had made a failure of his first enterprise—a grocery store—and had been going down hill ever since. Being college-bred, however, he had begun to teach, and now had a number of scholars, and the money he so earned secured at least the necessaries of life for his olive branches.

Pete took a liking to him at once, and he, to whom the major had told our hero's story, came predisposed to feel a warm interest in the ambitious fisher lad. The Major, Mr. Patton, and the boy held a long consultation, during which Pete underwent a cross-examination by his new teacher. It turned out that the boy was not so wofully deficient in the groundwork of education as had been anticipated. In fact, he read and wrote as well as the average schoolboy of his age, and he had a fair knowledge of elementary arithmetic. His geography, too, was first-rate, but in history, grammar, and other ordinary branches taught in the schools, he was entirely ignorant. He told the gentlemen that he had never attended school a day, and that all he knew had been patiently taught him by his father. It was, however, much better than Mr. Patton had expected; he thought they would get ahead rapidly and in a few months he could place Pete, if he were willing to apply himself,

where he could enter school on an equality with other lads of his age. He made out a list of text-books for Pete to get, and the first lesson was appointed to be taken in the new quarters at ten the next morning.

After Mr. Patton had departed, Pete announced that he thought he would go, and try his new bed, and Tom undertook to see him safe home. As the two boys walked along, Pete seemed rather taciturn. After a bit, Tom turned to him with a mischievous grin, and broke the silence by remarking: "Never mind, Pete! She'll come back again."

Pete looked up in great surprise, and answered:

"Why, Tom, how could you know what I was thinking of?"

The reader will observe that our hero took it for granted without any hesitation that there was only one "she" in the world.

Tom looked demure, and answered: "Oh! I am a mind reader!"

He accompanied this statement with another diabolical grin, the flash of which Pete caught by the light of a neighboring street lamp. He flushed warmly, and said: "Well, there is nothing to be ashamed of. She is a nice girl."

"Of course she is," agreed Tom cordially, "and her father is a rich and influential man."

"That's just what I was thinking, Tom," said Pete, with a burst of confidence, "I'm *glad* she is going away!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Tom, taken aback by this remark, "I say, Pete, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, you know?"

"No, that's all right, Tom. I'd rather feel she couldn't see me again for two years. Things may be changed by the time she gets back."

And giving this information to the astonished Tom to chew upon, the indomitable Pete entered his room, and bidding good-night to his friend, went to bed, and possibly to sleep.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

WHETHER Captain Pete slept well, or ill, the night of Grace Hogan's departure for New York city, he was up in the morning with the lark, and a half hour after daylight was sitting down to a substantial breakfast cooked with his own hands. After the meal was finished, he washed the dishes, put them neatly away, and swept the room, for he had not forgotten a broom among his purchases of the day before. He was a very good housekeeper, as his frontier training had taught him to do anything about the ranche that would make him useful. Perhaps his mother's partiality partly arose from the fact that he was so ready and willing to assist her in the housework.

It was still too early to go down town to purchase the text-books that Mr. Patton had desired him to have for the first lesson, so he went outside in the yard to enjoy the morning air. Here he found Mr. Brown, his landlord, in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe while the partner of his joys prepared breakfast.

"Hello, sonny," said he, "I see you're up betimes. That's right! always git to your work early, even if you ain't got nothin' to do."

And the old fellow laughed appreciatively at his own mild joke. He was sixty-five years old, and a pioneer on the coast. He had received enough money for the sale of a farm, taken up from the Government in the "fifties," to keep him and his wife the balance of their days without labor, and had come to Port Townsend to live in what he called "solid comfort." He was a sociable and jolly old chap, and Pete answered his greeting as cheerfully as it was given. It soon turned out that he was a little curious, for his next remark was:

"I see Major Fisher, the revenue man, and his wife, called on you yestiddy. Mighty fine people, them!"

"Yes, indeed they are," answered Pete.

"Say?" was the old man's next observation, "didn't I hear the Major call you Captain Pete?"

"I guess so."

"Wa'al! wa'al! now you ain't that boy I read about in the Leader a couple of weeks ago, that captured Bill Kelley, an' his gang, an' seven Chinamen?"

"Yes," responded Captain Pete, "at least I didn't capture them, but I was with Major Fisher, and Lieutenant Higgins when they did."

"Do tell!" exclaimed the old man, with open eyes and mouth, and evidently refusing to accept the lad's correction, "a little shaver like you! Hi! old woman!" and as in response to his call, she stuck

her head out of the kitchen door, "it's him, sure enough! He's the boy that caught the smugglers in Dog-fish pass!"

At this the old lady's eyes and mouth opened too, and she came out entirely, carrying in her hand a frying-pan containing sizzling sausages, and gazed at Pete in wonder.

"I declar!" she said, "an' he ain't bigger'n a pint o' cider!"

And she looked at the boy with increased amazement in every feature.

"But, my friends—" disclaimed Pete, in some embarrassment, "all I did was to tell the revenue men about them, and they did the capturing."

"Oh!" said they both, as they tried to let this fact percolate through their brains, but the preconceived idea gathered from the newspaper article was too strong for them, and the old man exclaimed admiringly: "I bet you're a sassy little cuss!"

His wife nodded her head knowingly, as she added: "Oh! he's a smart one!"

Mr. Brown was thoroughly interested, and propounded so many puzzling questions about the affair, that our hero was at last fain to beat a retreat, saying that he had to go down town. The old man called to him when he was already outside the gate:

"Wasn't you afraid them cusses would shoot you?"

Pete nodded, and hurried on to Water street,

where he stopped at the postoffice, which was in a book store, to buy his books. While he was making his purchases, he noticed a bright-looking little fellow about ten years old, with a bundle of papers under his arm, was regarding him with unusual and concentrated attention. As Pete came out, carrying his books, this boy ranged alongside, and said:

"You're the fellow they call Cap'n Pete, ain't you?"

"Oh Lord!" said Pete to himself, "here's more of it!" so he replied shortly: "Yes, I am."

"You needn't be huffy," said the little fellow, "I'm Murph, the newsboy. Say! You're all right!"

"Glad you think so, Murph," answered Pete, quickening his steps, "but I've got to go home now."

"Never mind! I'm going that way, too."

As he didn't know which "that way" was, he laughed, and Pete, seeing the point, and liking the youngster's face, could not help joining. He slackened his pace, and the two walked along together.

"So you're coming here to live," observed Murph. "I saw you with Tom Fisher. Say! He's way up, ain't he?"

Pete acknowledged that Tom was, and then the newsboy resumed: "What are you going to do here?"

"I am going to study, and try to get an education."

"Cracky!" was Murph's remark, "wouldn't I like to do that! But my old woman's a widder, and I have to hustle to keep the house going."

Pete looked at Murph with increased favor; "and how do you make out, Murph?" said he.

"Oh! pretty fair! between the Seattle and Frisco papers, and the Leader, and an odd job now and then, I knock out five or six dollars every week."

Pete did not entirely understand this statement, having had no experience in the newspaper line, and his new friend explained that he sold the Leader, which was the local daily, every morning from the time it came off the press until eight o'clock, when the boat came in with the Seattle papers, which were larger, and gave more news at the same price as the Leader. Then he began on these, and managed to get rid of a good many. As he bought the papers for two cents apiece, and sold them for a nickel, which was the smallest coin then in circulation in the Northwest, he did very well. He also handled the San Francisco journals which came in two and a half days old. Captain Pete was greatly interested in all this, and made up his mind that Murph was "no slouch." By the time he had got the whole story he had arrived at his room. He took Murph in, and showed him how "he had rigged himself out for housekeeping" as he expressed it. It delighted Murph, who exclaimed:

"Say! Ain't this bully! You must have made a pile off them smugglers to live like this!"

As it was now pretty near time for Mr. Patton's appearance, Pete dismissed Murph, telling him to come and see him again, which the latter promised to do.

The first lesson passed over very pleasantly. Mr. Patton, although he did not say so in words, was delighted with Pete's intelligence, and way of taking hold, while the boy was no less impressed and pleased with Mr. Patton's methods of instruction. In short, Captain Pete's experiment promised exceedingly well.

At noon, while Pete was cooking a piece of beef steak, and making some coffee for his dinner, there was a knock on the door, and in came Tom Fisher, on his way home from High School. It was only a few blocks distant, and Tom ran home in the middle of the day for lunch. He had dropped in to tell Pete that he would come around after school to take him for a walk. Pete gladly agreed, saying with a somewhat important air, that he had to study until then. He also told him about his meeting with Murph that morning.

"Oh, yes!" said Tom, "I have seen him, and heard about him. He's a good little fellow, if he does peddle newspapers," he added somewhat condescendingly.

Pete looked, and was inclined to feel rather uncomfortable at Tom's tone, but as his custom was,

he faced the situation: "Why, he's just as good as I am, Tom!" said he.

Tom, who was naturally a bit aristocratic—although he was far from being a snob—saw at once that he had unintentionally trodden on Pete's toes, so he answered, like the warmhearted and sensible boy he was: "Yes, Pete, he's just as good as you are, and you're just as good as he. And you are both just as good as I am. One person is just as good as another in this world, if he's equally honest and respectable. Some may be greater, if they are smarter, or harder working, I suppose, but they're no better, after all. Murph is all right! He supports his mother, and is as straight as a gun barrel, and will make a mighty good man one of these days, just as you and I are going to."

This speech touched Captain Pete; he shook Tom's hand and, said: "Tom, you're a mighty good fellow, any way, and I'm lucky to have you for a friend."

"Oh, gooseberries!" exclaimed Tom, "I'm off home! Be ready at four."

"Gooseberries" was a new interjection to Pete, but he puzzled it out to mean about the same as "Rats." He got out his books and was so much interested that it was four o'clock before he knew it. He put on his cap, and was going out to watch for Tom, when he took the precaution to glance through the window, and saw Mr. Brown, evi-

dently on the lookout for him, and chockful of questions. He decided to wait inside for Tom, and under cover of his company, escape the old man's curiosity. It was not long before his friend turned up, and the two made a successful sally, and got past the enemy before he had a chance to bring his artillery to bear.

After walking about half an hour, they chanced to bring up in the neighborhood of the custom house, and Tom said: "Let's go in, and see the Collector."

"All right, if you think he won't mind," said Pete.

"He'll be glad to see us," Tom assured him.

And so he was, for he hailed them through the open door of his private office, as they came into the outer room:

"Hallo! you two young rascals, come in here. How did the studies go to-day, Pete?"

"First-rate sir. I've been at it all day until four o'clock."

"Well, that's brave!" then he twisted his swing chair around, and pointed to a puppy dog that was inquisitively poking a black nose from under a neighboring desk, "what do you think of that fellow, boys?"

It was a fine mastiff puppy, about two months old, as the lads found when they pulled him out, which they did after some mock-defiant remon-

strances on his part. "Why, he's a perfect beauty!" exclaimed Pete, who was passionately fond of animals.

"Do you think you could afford to feed him, Captain Pete?"

"I?" said Pete.

"Because you can take him, if you want him, and if he is too expensive, you can bring him around to my house to get his meals. The captain of a ship gave him to me to-day, and said he was thoroughbred, and worth fifty dollars, though I dare say that was all in his eye. Do you want him?"

"Of course, he's splendid!" answered Pete, in ecstasies.

The puppy was really out of one of the best kennels of England, and very valuable. The Collector knew this perfectly well, though he purposely made light of it in order not to embarrass Pete by a sense of obligation. The boys were handling the dog, and discussing his merits with delighted animation, when Mr. Hogan said:

"Now take that Kiyi, and get out of here. Come in again, boys, and see the old man," he added kindly, as he turned to his writing.

Pete stopped on his way home, and invested in a collar and chain for his new acquisition, of whom Tom—who pretended to be knowing on dogs—predicted great things when he came to the full estate of doghood. In the meantime, the little fellow

trotted along behind them contentedly enough, although he made an occasional dash between his new master's legs, and nearly upset him. Before Pete ate his supper he built a house for the puppy, which he placed by the entrance door to his room.

The question of a name for the dog came up that evening at Major Fisher's, and various suggestions were made. Tom advocated calling him Tyee after the sloop, but the suggestion did not strike the rest as particularly brilliant. Mrs. Fisher thought Captain would be an appropriate appellation, but here Tom got even by showing conclusively that the name would be apt to create confusion, and breed dissension between the dog and his master. At last the Major said:

"Why don't you call him Dope, Pete? Dope seems to have had a good deal to do with your fortunes lately, and if it hadn't been for it, the Collector would never have been so good a friend of yours, and given you the dog."

This happy hint was received by all, including the owner of the dog, with acclamation, and Dope was formally adopted as the puppy's name.

"Say, Pete!" said Tom, a few moments later, "can you box?"

"Box what?" asked Pete, vaguely.

The major looked up from his book, while Tom explained.

"I mean spar—with the boxing gloves."

"Oh, no! I never even saw a pair."

"You are just as well off, I think," remarked Mrs. Fisher.

"Now Lydia," began the major, "for once in my life, I distinctly disagree with you. I think a knowledge of boxing is a very good thing for a man, or a boy. In the first place, the exercise is particularly good, and then knowing one can defend one's self with one's hands gives confidence, and often renders recourse to a weapon unnecessary. I have often been glad I was taught to box as a boy."

His wife gave a sigh of consent, and said: "No doubt you are right, dear, but I don't see why men cannot get along without fighting."

"It would be pleasanter if they could, my love, but as, for many obvious reasons, they cannot, it is just as well that our boys should be able to protect themselves, and give as good as they get."

At this encouragement, Tom resumed: "Well, what I was going to say, Pete, was that I have got a set of gloves, and I will bring them up to your room to-morrow."

"And you had better look out, Pete," warned the major, "for this boy handles himself very well for a youngster."

Pete grinned, and replied: "Oh! I'll stand him off somehow, sir."

"That's right," said the major, "you'll be well matched after you get some practice, and you ought to have a good deal of fun at it."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

"CAPTAIN PETE," said Major Fisher, one morning, "here's something that belongs to you."

The major had stopped in at Pete's room on his way down town. The latter picked up the long envelope his friend had tossed on the table in front of him, and opened it. The enclosure was a duly engrossed deed certifying to his ownership of thirty acres of land on Hidalgo island.

"You're a landed proprietor, now, Pete, and by the way it's lucky we got that land when we did, for I found that another man—who seems to have some inkling of our knowledge—was after it, and willing to pay more money than we did. But I had the bargain closed when he came along, and Mr. Monks, who owned the land, could not back out, tho' he would have liked to very much, I suspect. Have you any place to keep this deed?"

"No sir, only here."

"Well then, I'll take it down to the office, and keep it for you in my drawer of the safe. Good-bye."

"Good-bye sir, and thank you very much," said Pete, as he sat down to his books again.

Our hero was now getting thoroughly settled. His lessons were going on regularly, and he had been long enough in the city and in his room, to feel entirely at home. The Fishers were as kind to him as ever, and Tom managed to see him at least once a day. Collector Hogan, and his family had also given him many evidences of their friendly regard, and all in all, Pete had no reason to regret his move to Port Townsend so far.

He had too much occupation to find time hang heavily on his hands, and passed most of his days happily studying, and training Dope, who by the way, was turning out an unusually intelligent dog. Pete had a natural turn for training animals, and under his care, the animal gave promise of becoming a highly educated canine.

In the afternoons Tom Fisher often came along, and the two boys would clear the furniture out of the middle of the room, and take a turn at the gloves. Pete, who was both strong and quick, soon became so handy in the use of them that it kept Tom busy to maintain his superiority. At other times, the boys would take long walks on the beach, and on these occasions they often practiced shooting at a mark with the revolver Captain Kennedy had given Pete. At this sport Captain Pete beat his friend out of sight. He was now thoroughly familiar with the weapon, and rapidly becoming what he had boasted to Lieutenant Higgins that he would be—a dead shot. The

"gun" he found to be a superb one, and all that the revenue officer had claimed for it.

Occasionally Pete would wander down by the wharves alone, examining the shipping, and posting himself on the new rigs. One of these times, when he had been about two months in Port Townsend, he had an adventure which resulted in his making a new acquaintance. He was watching a large ship being unladen. The men were taking out the goods from the lower hold, and every few moments a great slingful of chests and boxes would come up from below, hover over the hatch a second, and then be veered off to the dock, where a man cast off the hook from the sling, and the huge fall would slacken down again, leaving the goods to be trucked to the warehouse. The hooktender was a giant of a fellow with a good-natured, intelligent face that made Pete inclined to like him.

Pete was standing on the outer timber just at the edge of the wharf, and it happened that by some miscalculation of the man who was attending to the winch, a slingful of goods was suddenly and unexpectedly lowered. The hooktender saw the avalanche of boxes coming, and stepped hastily back out of the way. In doing so, he unavoidably brushed against Captain Pete with some force. Pete stepped backward, and fell overboard between the ship and the wharf. Luckily he did not strike either, but he made a great splash, and there

was an instantaneous rush to his rescue by all tne men standing about. The hooktender, however, was quicker than any one, despite his size. He kicked off his shoes in a twinkle, and stood on the combing of the pier, ready to dive when Pete came to the surface. The boy was gasping a bit when he came up, for the water was cold and the immersion unexpected, but he was not a particle scared, and had all his wits about him, while he could swim like an otter. The first thing he saw was the big hooktender preparing to leap in the water to his aid, and he called out:

"Don't come down here. It's wet."

A laugh went up from the crowd, now looking on, at the lad's coolness, and in another minute the hooktender lowered a sling within his reach. This Pete seized directly, and was hoisted to the dock with dripping clothes, but none the worse otherwise. There was a fire in the office of the freight shed, and the big man hurried him in there, leaving another hand to take his place at the sling.

"You're a mighty well-plucked young one," said the hooktender as Pete was warming himself, "I was scared out of a year's growth when I heard the splash, and knew I'd knocked you over. I'm terrible sorry, but I had to move quick to get out of the way of them boxes."

"Why, it wasn't your fault," answered Pete, "and it don't amount to anything, anyway. I'll be all right as soon as I'm dry."

"You wrap my overcoat around you, and go home, and change your clothes," said the big man.

Captain Pete felt this was good advice, but asked: "Won't you need it?"

"No, I'll come up, and get it to-night. Where do you live?"

Pete told him, and started for home, and very glad he was of the coat before he got there, for the wind blowing on his wet clothing was bitterly cold.

That evening as Pete was sitting before the fire, the longshoreman came for his coat. Pete asked him in, and made him sit down, thanking him warmly for his kindness.

"Oh! it ain't nothing," said the great, rough fellow, "but say, I found out after you left the dock that you was the boy that caught them smugglers, and I didn't wonder so much at your taking things cool. I'm glad to make your acquaintance, Captain Pete, my name is Joe Hanlon."

"Glad to meet you, although it was in an unpleasant way, Mr. Hanlon."

"Oh, call me Joe," said that worthy, "everybody does, and it don't seem natural to give my name a handle."

The two had a long chat, and became very good friends. Joe told Pete that he was president of the local longshoreman's union, and interested him greatly by telling him some of the incidents of his career. It appeared that he was seaman on board a man-of-war some eight years before and hailed

from Boston. But he had been discharged on the Pacific coast, and had hung around the Sound ever since. He told Pete that he inhabited a shack with two other men, in the upper end of the town. They all three "batched," and lived like fighting cocks. He wound up with an invitation to Pete to come down the next night, and take supper with him, and get acquainted with his chums, "two as square chaps as ever worked alongshore."

Pete accepted the invitation unhesitatingly, and Joe went home, for he said he had to go to work the next morning at six o'clock.

The next evening Pete went down to the wharf, and caught Joe just as he was knocking off work.

"Hello, youngster, here you are on time, eh? Well, I'm ready, let's start for home," said the longshoreman.

They stopped at a butcher's shop around the corner, and Joe bought five pounds of flank steaks, which he told Pete was the best meat on the beef, and explained as they continued their journey, that he and his mates took turns in doing the cooking, and that it happened to be his shift.

Before Joe Hanlon, and his guest arrived at the shack, I may as well explain about it to my readers, for unless they live on Puget Sound it is very unlikely they ever saw one.

Shack—derivation unknown, is a term that was, a few years ago, generally used in the Northwest to describe an unmarried laborer's habitation.

In those days most of the workingmen were young fellows who had emigrated from other localities, drawn to Puget Sound by the prestige of boom times, and the high prices paid for manual labor. The climate is a most beneficent one, with no extremes of heat or cold. Timber was plentiful, and so cheap as to be almost to be had for the asking. So such laborers built themselves primitive houses at little cost, and perching them on some unoccupied bit of ground, bade defiance to landlords, and had a home of their own, more or less comfortable, according to their tastes and habits. Those laborers whose work confined them to the water front, made themselves rafts of huge logs—many of which drifted aimlessly around the Sound—to the detriment of navigation—or were cast upon the shores by the tides. They built their houses on them, moving them along handy to where they were employed.

It was one of these floating habitations that Joe and his mates lived in. It was connected with the shore by a long, limber plank, which "bucked" like an untamed cayuse to the tread of the uninitiated. When the inmates retired, they withdrew it, much in the manner that a drawbridge was raised in the olden time, and were safe from all but naval attacks.

Such was the house that Pete was introduced to by the longshoreman. It had one capacious room, about twenty feet long by fourteen wide. There were three bunks along the wall, built on the

principle of the berths in a ship's forecastle, and in front of each was a seaman's chest. A cook stove, a rough table, evidently of home manufacture, and two or three wooden benches made up the rest of the furniture. Two sturdy young fellows in woolen shirts and dungaree trousers, sat on one of the chests playing cribbage with a dingy pack of cards.

"Well," said Joe, as they entered, "here we are, right side up with care, and these are my mates, Con Miller, and Harry Prentice."

They both got up, and warmly shook hands with Pete. "How? Cap'n," said Con, "we've both heard of you, and are glad to make your acquaintance. Besides, Joe says you're a friend of his, and any friend of his Harry and I both tie to."

Harry added: "You bet your life that's gospel."

Then Con said: "Joe, make the fire, you lazy old duffer, and give us something to eat. He's always hazing us, Cap'n, when it's our turn to do the work, but when it's his watch on deck, he ain't so lively."

"You fellows might have got the fire going instead of playing crib if you had any respect for your betters," grumbled Joe, as he set about his culinary duties. Despite his size, he was very active and alert, and in an astonishingly short time he had the steak sizzling in the pan, and potatoes and coffee boiling. Then he spread the

table with two newspapers in lieu of cloth, and dished up everything redhot.

"Supper ready!" he roared, "tumble up here, Con and Harry. Cap'n Pete, take that stool, and set alongside of me, so that I can see that you get enough to eat. Those fellows are always too busy at the table with their own jaws to have time to think of anybody else. Coffee, Cap'n?"

He held the coffee pot over the quart tin beside Pete's plate, and poured it out, strong and clear and fragrant. "There! Now take this," he put a piece of steak, done to a turn, and weighing about a pound, on his plate, and added: "Now help yourself to spuds, and bread and butter."

The potatoes, or spuds, as Joe called them, were cracking open, and showing floury and white through their skins, and the bread and butter was equally good. Pete, who had a healthy boy's appetite, fell to with a will. As soon as the others saw him fairly at work, they turned to themselves, and for a few minutes the rattle of forks and knives, and the working of their jaws over their victuals precluded all conversation. When the keen edge of his hunger was gone, Pete with a polite desire to show his host that his culinary efforts were appreciated, remarked:

"I say, Joe! You're a bang-up cook."

"Oh! that ain't nothing," answered he, modestly, "I ain't got much to cook to-night."

"The old man ain't no slouch, and that's a fact,"

observed Harry. "He kin cook all right. You ought to eat his baked beans, or one of his fish chowders. He didn't come from Boston for nothing."

Here Con broke in: "Yes, the only trouble with him is that he's too blessed lazy to do it often. We two poor orphans would starve half the time if we had to depend on him."

"Yes," said Joe, beaming around on them with the coffee pot in his hand, "but you're a pretty healthy pair of orphans, don't you think, Captain Pete? They ought to put an advertisement in the Leader, and get somebody to adopt them. They're a precious pair of twins, and just alike for deviltry. If it wasn't for me, I don't know who'd keep them in order."

The two young fellows hooted at this last statement, and assured Pete that Joe himself was the only sporty one of the family. And so, with a running fire of jokes, the dishes were washed and put away. Just as this was finished, a light step was heard on the gang-plank, and a mischievous face peeped in the door, whose expression changed to wonder, as the owner cried:

"Why Captain Pete, what are *you* doing here?"

"Hallo, Murph!" was his reply, "Joe Hanlon asked me to supper. What are you doing here yourself?"

"Oh! Joe's an old pard of mine. Ain't you, Joe?"

"That's what, youngster," answered he. "We're chums from Wayback. And what are you up to to-night? Have you had your supper?"

"No. I just sold out my Examiners, and I thought I'd drop in, and say 'how do' as I was going home."

As he explained, Joe shoved the coffee pot on the stove again, and put a plate, and knife and fork in front of Murph. He also got out a huge slab of steak that had been left, put down the bread and butter, and said briefly: "There! Get on the outside of that."

"I'll do it!" said Murph, "I ain't very big, but I'm well dug out, and can hold considerable."

And he fell to, tooth and nail. They all laughed at his quaint way of accepting Joe's hospitality. It was evident the newsboy was a prime favorite with all three of the longshoremen.

While he was eating, Joe told him how he had become acquainted with Pete by knocking him into the Sound, and nearly drowning him. Murph observed:

"Well, I'd rather get introduced some other way, but after all," added he looking contemplatively at his empty dish, "it's a mighty good thing to know Joe Hanlon."

Pete agreed with him, but observing the clock, and seeing it was past nine, bade good-night to his hosts, and he and Murph went off together.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A FEW days after his dinner on the house boat with the longshoreman, Major Fisher brought Pete a letter from his father, which had come directed to his care. It ran as follows:

WALDRON ISLAND, NOV. 28, 1888.

My Dear Son,

I got a letter from Major Fisher, as well as one from you, the other day, and as a neighbor is going to East Sound to-morrow, I am writing to-night so he can mail my answer there.

We are all well except your mother, who has caught a severe cold, and does not seem very strong. She feels your absence greatly, Pete, and often talks about you to me. When I got your letter, and the one from the major, she made me read them over to her again and again, until she knows them by heart. She is as proud as I am of the progress you appear to be making, and has completely changed her mind about your studying, and now wants you to stay as long as you can, and learn everything in sight. Even I am not more anxious for your advancement than she is. This is wonderful for an Indian to feel so, and only goes to show what a good mother she is. Never be ashamed of her, Pete.

I shot a deer day before yesterday, in the timber, about two hundred yards from the house, and have got three coons, and a wild cat this month. The cat was a very big one, and I am tanning the hide with the hair on, and will send it to you when I get a chance, to make a present to Mrs. Fisher on Christmas. Your mother has also made two pair of moccasins from the hide of the buck we killed when Mr. Tom Fisher was here. I'll send them too, and you may give him a pair if you like.

There was an insurance man from Seattle visiting our neighbor, Mr. Thomas, last week, and I took the chance to insure our house and barn for one thousand dollars, which is fully what they are worth. I shall feel easier now if any of Kelley's or McGovern's friends pay me a visit.

I have had first-rate luck with the fishing, although I miss your help a good deal. I have smoked, and put up 800 boxes of herring, and shall take them to Victoria one of these days on the Tyee, and sell them. The old boat, which I am sure you want to hear about, is all right, and I put a fresh coat of paint on her this fall—black, with a red streak. This is about all that I have to tell you, so good-bye. Your mother, and brothers and sisters send love to you. Good-bye again, my son, be honest, and work hard.

Your Affectionate Father,

EDWARD GRAIGNIC.

This letter delighted Pete, although he was inclined to be disappointed that his father was going to take the herring to Victoria to sell, instead of Port Townsend, where he thought he might as well have brought them.

In regard to that portion of the letter which spoke of his mother, he thought long and carefully, and was not at all certain that it was not his duty to interrupt his studies by going down to Waldron to pay her a visit, and cheer her up. So much did this matter weigh upon his mind that he finally referred it to his friend Major Fisher, and read him the passage which moved him. The major pondered a few minutes before making any reply, but at last he said:

"No, on the whole I do not think I would go, if I were you, Pete. In the first place, your father don't say that your mother is really ill, and even if your visit did cheer her up, she would become as bad again when you returned here. Then, it would do you no good. You are going on so well now, and learning so rapidly, Mr. Patton says, that I feel it would be a pity to interrupt your studies, and unsettle you, without adequate cause."

"Well sir," said Pete, with a half-sigh, "I asked your advice, and now I have got it, I am going to take it. All the same, I am afraid I was selfish in coming here in the first place."

"Nonsense, Pete!" said the major, very decidedly, "you were nothing of the sort. In fact, I be-

lieve it was your duty to your father and mother to do just as you have done. When one gets a chance in this world he's bound to take it. By the way, Pete, if I'm not too inquisitive, how does your bank account stand?"

"I balanced it yesterday," replied the lad promptly, hauling his deposit book out of his pocket. "You see, sir, I had a balance of $220, after I bought the Hidalgo land. Then Collector Hogan paid me $343 on the 14th of November, for my share of the Mike McGovern opium affair. That made $563 altogether. I have drawn $80, and have eight in my pocket."

"Seventy-two dollars in a little over two months, and that includes furnishing your room, which I suppose cost you fifty."

"$38.75 sir," corrected Pete.

"Well that is not doing at all badly. You are evidently fit to handle money, Pete. I am very well satisfied with you."

We must now hurry the reader over a number of months during which nothing occurred to disturb the even current of study and endeavor as it carried our hero along.

It is in the month of August, that we take up the thread of our tale. Tom Fisher and Captain Pete are again in the latter's room in the afternoon. It is almost a year since our story opened, and it has been a momentous one for our hero.

He has grown an inch, or so, in the first place, and has no longer the square, pony-built appearance that was noticeable when we first made his acquaintance. Perhaps his clothing had something to do with this, for he was carefully tho' plainly attired, and now wore his "store clothes" with as much ease as Tom Fisher himself. His hands were hard, and still showed evidences of former toil, but they were white, and well cared for, while his face, from which the thick coating of tan had departed, was one that would attract attention anywhere. He had the same expression of honest simplicity that had always characterized him, but his features were clear and refined. The firm mouth, well opened eye, and high forehead were stamped with a bright and pleasing individuality that was very prepossessing. Somewhat high cheek bones, and a clear, sallow skin were the only traces of his Indian origin.

Mr. Patton said he had never come across a boy in whom perception and acuteness were so rarely allied with that quality of brain that gave mental energy and perseverance. His possession of these enviable gifts Pete had indeed fully proved, for he had skipped and danced over the lower levels of common school knowledge during the past year, and still was sucking in Scholarship with an avidity that promised to rapidly carry him past most youth of his age.

Tom Fisher had also developed greatly in the

line of his promise during the year, although of course, the change was not so marked as in the case of the former fisher lad. He, however, was as fine, capable, manly a young fellow as you would meet in a day's travel.

Major and Mrs. Fisher were so pleased with their protégé that they thought almost as much of one boy as they did of the other. Mrs. Fisher, in fact, told Pete that she felt that she had two sons instead of one, and indeed if affection and devotedness could be substituted for the tie of blood, Pete would have been her own boy.

Collector Hogan had continued to take as warm an interest in the lad as in the beginning, and Pete was perfectly at home in his house. The genial, and jolly old man's health had lately broken very much, and he was unable to take as active a part in current events as had been his habit.

In this general summary of the events of the past year we must not forget Captain Pete's dog Dope. He had grown into a magnificent animal, weighing 130 pounds, and was now lying at his master's feet, pretending to be asleep, altho' he raised his intelligent head at his least motion as much as to say, "do you want me?" Pete had trained him to do a great many remarkable things, as we shall see hereafter, and among others, had taught him to pay absolutely no attention to any one but himself.

Tom and Pete had been discussing their future plans, and the former had just remarked:

"I shall enter Stanford next fall. Father says that college breeding is to a man what the hall mark on silver is to forks and spoons."

"Well," said Pete meditatively, "I feel that he is right, as usual, and there's nothing I should like better than to go with you. But I suppose it will be impossible for me to do so. To be sure, I think I could pass the examination, at least Mr. Patton says I could by that time, but my money won't go so far. This year has eaten a big hole in it, and I can't expect to get any more windfalls like those of Dog-fish pass, and Otter hole."

"Pete," broke in Tom with some heat, "if you weren't so confoundedly stuck up, and obstinate about accepting anything from anybody, you know father would be glad to let you have the money you need."

"I can't help it, Tom. That's the way I'm built, and I won't sponge on my friends for anything I can get myself."

"But you can't get this yourself, you duffer."

"Well I can do without, and that's the next best thing. What do you think my dear old father wants to do? He wrote me the other day that he had four hundred dollars lying idle in the bank, and he wishes to turn it over to me, and have me use it on myself."

"He's a noble man, Pete! I've always admired his character. He's a regular old Roman for staunchness."

"That he is, Tom! And all the more reason I shouldn't take his money away from him in his old age. Besides, I am beginning to think I'll have no trouble in earning some kind of a living after my cash is all gone."

"To be sure you won't. Why, I don't know any fellow better fitted to get ahead in the world. But what are you going to start at? Have you made up your mind, Pete?"

"No, I haven't. I think I'll study another year yet, anyhow. Searles of the Leader, offered to employ me as reporter on the paper, last week. I suppose on the strength of that sketch of the San Juan archipelago I wrote for him, but I don't hanker after a reporter's career."

"Well, you're right enough about that," cordially agreed Tom; "it's a dog's life, and generally nothing at the end of it. But after all, Pete, it won't make much difference what you tackle, you'll make it win, you're such a strong, patient, persevering old chap."

Captain Pete laughed as he pulled one of Dope's silky ears, and answered: "Not much credit in that, old fellow, I've got to be. I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, you know."

"You'll get there, just the same," asserted Tom stoutly, as he turned to go, "come around to-night, will you, Pete? You know father has gone to Portland on that forged certificate case, and mother and I are all alone."

"I was going around to see the Collector to-night," returned Pete, hesitatingly.

"Why, he's laid up with the gout. I heard it down in the office this morning. You can't see him."

"Very well, in that case I'll come."

Tom nodded, and sprang down the steps, leaving Pete alone. It was not for long, however, for shortly came a tap at the door, and a sturdy lad of about eleven years entered. Pete said with a smile:

"Hallo, Murph, what good wind blows you along?"

"Why," said Murph, who was the same bright newsboy that we have met before, "I've been trying to see you all day, and it did seem as if I couldn't get away. You know I'm working in Bernstein's store now, in the daytime."

"No, I didn't. Is it a good job, Murph?"

"Helps out," said Murph, concisely, "but never mind that, hold on till I tell you. You see I sell peanuts and candy at the Variety, and dance house nights. Well, what I want to tell you is this. Last night I was at the dance house as usual, and two fellows that have been hanging around the dives a week back were there. One of them is an Englisher, and he goes by the name of Long Tom. The other is a nigger they call Black Sam. They were both pretty boozy, and sitting in one of the boxes talking. As I was tired and trade light, I set down in the one next to them, to rest. Then I heard them

talking about making a trip to some chum of theirs named Strobel that lives in the Sucia islands. Sam seemed to know more about the place, and everything than Tom did. After a bit, he said, 'Bill Kelley, and Mike McGovern, and Three-fingered Bill will be out in a few days!' "

Here Captain Pete grew intensely interested.

"Then he went on—and this is what brought me up to you, Pete—'that fellow Graignic I was talking about, that Kelley sent us word to roast out, lives not two hours' pull from Strobel's, altho' it's on Waldron. It would be fun to do his job while we're laying low, and waiting for Bill and his chums!' Then they called for another drink, and I skipped without their tumbling that I heard them."

Captain Pete was very much excited now, but he knew he must keep cool and think the matter out clearly. In order to do this, it was necessary to get rid of Murph.

"Murph," said he, "you're a sharp little fellow, and a good friend of mine."

"You bet I am, every time!" answered the newsboy promptly.

"Well, what you have told me is of great importance, and I am much obliged to you." Here Murph swelled visibly with mingled exultation and consequence. "Now," continued Pete, "I want you to keep the run of these two chaps you call Black Sam, and Long Tom. Do you know where they are sleeping?"

"No, but I'll find out to-night, if they're here yet."

"Do!" said Pete earnestly, "and if they are gone, let me know as soon as possible."

"I will. I'll be on to them as soon as it's dark. They won't turn out till then. Good-bye."

And the little fellow was off to Bernstein's grocery store like an arrow from a bow.

"Now, let me see," soliloquized Pete, "what all this means. In the first place, it looks pretty certain that these chaps, who are of course pals of Bill Kelley, Three-fingered Bill, and my friend Mike McGovern, intend to pay a visit to Dad shortly, and burn him out. We'll see about that!" and Pete unconsciously set his jaw very tight. "But what's this about Kelley and his friends! They were sent up for six years a piece, and are now serving time in the United States penitentiary on McNiel's island. By George! they've some scheme to break out of prison, and they must be in communication, too, with their friends on the outside. This must be looked after. But Dad comes first! and besides, I can send word to the warden of the penitentiary. I wish Major Fisher were here, or Captain Kennedy in town. But he's in Victoria, and the Collector's sick, too. What had I better do?"

Pete walked the floor in perplexity, Dope following his motions with an intelligent eye, and giving an occasional thump on the floor with his tail, as much as to say, "if it's anything I can help you out in, I'm here." In fact, this expression showed

in his face so plainly that Pete stopped, and patted his head, and said: "Yes, old fellow, I know it."

The boy decided finally that he could do nothing until he heard from Murph of the movements of Black Sam and his mate. When they left Port Townsend it would be time to look after his father's safety. Besides he knew that the old fisherman was unlikely to be taken unawares, and he smiled to think of what a warm reception the rascals would be apt to get if he were prepared for them.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

AS Captain Pete stated in the last chapter, the United States Penitentiary was situated on McNiel's island, in Hale's passage, between Fox and Anderson islands. McNiel's is only six or seven miles long by as many broad, and lies directly opposite the little town of Steilacoom, in Pierce county. In physical conformation it resembled the rest of the islands so thickly strewn in Puget Sound, being generally bluffy on its shores, and containing much arable land in the interior. Being within twelve or fifteen miles of the prosperous city of Tacoma, and advertised by the penitentiary, it is well settled by small ranchers, mostly Swedes.

The penitentiary, being an United States institution, is only used for the incarceration of those criminals whose offenses are committed against the National Government, such as smugglers, counterfeiters, mail robbers, and the like. The result is to bring a particularly enterprising and reckless set of malefactors together. Then again, the prison's expenses being defrayed by the United States, there is no attempt made to make it self-supporting, and the only labor exacted of the prisoners is that necessary to run the institution, and keep the 27 acres

of ground appertaining to it in some sort of order. In fact, even this is not obligatory upon the inmates, although it is the custom to deprive them of their tobacco if they do not turn out with the working gang.

The "Pen" property lies along a precipitous shore on the northeast water front, beside a shallow salt water slough extending a short distance into the interior. On a plateau on the flank of the hill which rises to the northward of the slough, the penitentiary building stands length-wise to the water. It is constructed of handsome gray stone, and is 75 feet long by 35 wide, and 30 in height. It is Doric in architecture.

A wooden annex is joined to the actual jail in the rear, and in this are the quarters of the warden, and his subordinates, usually four or five in number. Two rooms on the first floor are reserved for the warden and his head jailer. Each of these abuts on the corridor of the jail, into which opens an iron-grated window, so that in case of disturbance inside, a man with a Winchester rifle at one of these windows would be able to rake the passages from end to end, and place the rebels in an unenviable position if they did not return to their cells.

The interior of the jail proper only remains to be described. The cells occupy the middle of the great building, and are two tiers high. A wide corridor extending around the whole structure of course encircles the cells. In this corridor—com-

manded as has been described by the warden's and head jailer's windows—the prisoners live, and eat in the daytime, while at night they are securely locked in the steel cells. The corridors are furnished with a large wood stove, and heavy rough tables on which the convicts eat, or pursue such avocations as they can find to occupy their time or for entertainment.

It was the 15th day of August, two days later than when Pete had his interview with Murph in Port Townsend. The morning sun glinted through the gratings of the windows of the eastern corridor of McNiel's jail, and made shifting arabesques on the striped clothing of three men who sat with their heads together at the end of the table farthest from the open window of the warden's room. There were a number of the other prisoners sprawling about, but they did not come near, or disturb this group. It was evident to the keen observer, that this isolation was not casual, but the result of premeditation. It was not surprising, after all, for three more unprepossessing faces it would be difficult to find than those in question.

They were in fact, Bill Kelley, the king of Puget Sound smugglers, and his two pals, Mike, and Three-fingered Bill, and we find them in the midst of a very interesting conversation. Kelley was the speaker:

"Boys!" he said, "I've been laid by the heels here just as long as I am going to stay. If you haven't

got the hearts of chickens inside you, to-day will be our last in this crib."

"I'm game for anything," answered the man with the missing fingers, "but it ain't no fun to have a Winchester ball plumped into you."

Mike McGovern evidently endorsed this last remark, and Kelly saw it and it roused his temper:

"You fellows are as timid as sheep!" he exclaimed. "Now here's what I'm going to do, and you can join me, or let it alone, as you please. To-morrow afternoon the working gang will be clearing up the underbrush by the timber in the far lot. I heard Chisholm say so this morning. He and old Trafton will be the only two guards. I'm going to slip out, and make a dash for liberty. If I can get to the bush, I can lie hidden till I get a chance to get off the island. Then it won't be long, you bet, before I'm on the other side, in British Columbia."

Now Mike spoke soothingly to Bill: "Well, don't be hostile. It looks good, Bill, if you're sure we work in the lot you say, and Trafton and Chisholm is the guards. The old man couldn't hit the side of a ship in a thousand years, and somehow I don't think Chisholm has got the nerve to shoot to kill. I believe it's wuth trying."

"If you two say so, it goes!" was Three-fingered Bill's remark.

Gaining his companions over to his scheme in this unexpected way mollified Kelley, and he now condescended to show his fangs in a wolf-like grin;

"I thought there was stuff in you, if I could only get it out. Now I will tell you more. There's a boat ready that'll take us off the island. I was posted on this by Black Sam, in the county jail, and have got word since. He has fixed a rancher named Dewitt, who lives on the shore due west, bearing from the pen. Dewitt will give us grub, and clothes. He lives right by Mosquito pass, and from his house, it ain't a quarter of a mile across to the mainland."

The faces of the two others became still more cheerful, and they exclaimed simultaneously:

"We'll try it!"

"All right," said Kelley, "mum's the word, and don't let these other chaps suspect our plans, or we'll have the whole crowd after us, and too many cooks spoil the broth."

The next morning as the steamer Multnomah hove in sight from Tacoma bound for Olympia, she steered in towards the penitentiary, and whistled, indicating that there was a passenger who desired to disembark. Warden Bamber, an upright, soldierly man of fifty years, was standing on the bluff, and he immediately gave orders for an old "trusty," named Barret, detailed for such service, to go out in the rowboat. Shortly he returned, and with him a sprightly lad of eleven years, none other, in fact, than our friend Murph. He came briskly up to Warden Bamber, and touched his cap:

"Are you the warden, sir?" asked he.

"Yes, my lad," returned he, "what do you want with me?"

"Here's my crodenshials," said Murph, with dignity, handing the official a letter.

Mr. Bamber took it with some surprise, and tore it open. It read as follows:

PORT TOWNSEND, WASH., August 14th, 18—.

Warden Bamber,

DEAR SIR: I send the bearer, Murph, a Port Townsend newsboy, to warn you of a plot that Bill Kelley, Mike McGovern, and Three-fingered Bill have made to break out of prison. He will relate particulars himself, and is trustworthy. Any of the custom house people will tell you who I am, if you don't know.

In haste,

Captain Pete Graignic.

"Why," said the warden to himself, "that's the boy thro' whom these three chaps were captured. How did Captain Pete come to send you here, Murph?"

"Why," replied Murph, "he was in an awful hurry, and told me to tell you that Major Fisher, and Captain Kennedy being both absent from Port Townsend, and Collector Hogan being sick, and his not knowing anybody else well enough to talk to much, he thought he'd send me to you. And he paid my fare."

"Well, what is it?" said the warden, "tell me all you know about it."

On this Murph told the whole story of how he had heard Long Tom, and Black Sam talking in the dance house. Mr. Bamber listened attentively, and let him relate it in his own way, not interrupting him until he was finished. Then he stood a moment, and thought. The whole affair was a queer one, and entirely out of routine, but he was an alert, intelligent man, and did not doubt for a moment that the story was all right, although it did come to him from such an irregular source. He made up his mind on the spot to accept the information as true, and act on it. So he said to the boy messenger:

"You're a brick, Murph, and Captain Pete's another. I'll look after Kelley, and his friends. Now you can't go back again until the boat comes down to-morrow, and in the meantime you're my guest. Let's go up to the house, and you needn't tell any one what your business is."

"No, sir," answered Murph, "I won't."

The warden took the boy up, and introduced him to the guards, telling them that he was the son of a friend of his in Port Townsend. Then instructing Murph to make himself comfortable, and not be out of the way when the dinner bell rang, he went into his own private room to think over the information he had received. The truth of the matter was that it worried him considerably, for he had

long before had Kelley and his two mates marked down in his mind as men that needed more looking after than the balance of his flock of lambs, and Murph's information implied that they had succeeded in establishing a method of communication with parties outside of the jail. Otherwise how could Black Sam know that they were going to make an attempt to escape. This method could not be through letters sent in the usual manner, as such missives passed through his hands, and were examined by him before being forwarded to their destination. Where was the leak?

The warden's mind passed in review all the visitors to the prison in the last half year, who would be apt to try to communicate with the convicts, and finally he gave a start, and murmured: "Could it be Dewitt?"

To get a clew to the warden's reflections it is necessary to explain that, at that time, McNiel's island had no post office, so that it was customary for all the mail—both for the penitentiary, and the ranchers on the island—to be forwarded to Steilacoom, the neighboring town on the mainland. The warden sent a boat there every other day, and it was his habit to have all the mail brought over, and then the ranchers came to the "pen," and got it, and were very thankful for the accommodation.

The warden now remembered that Dewitt—whom the reader has already heard of through Kelley—was very assiduous in coming for his

letters, tho' he seldom received any. It also recurred to him now that this man always came before the hour for locking up the prisoners. These things, although they did not in themselves constitute grounds for suspicion, were still unusual, and worth considering in the absence of other clues.

The result of the warden's cogitation was that he went down to the stable, and saddled his horse. Leaving word that he would be back by dinner time, he directed his way over a trail through the woods until he came out on a knoll overlooking Mosquito pass, on the other side of the island. Below him was a one-story house of three rooms. In front of this habitation was a little cove locally known as Floyd's bay. On the southern side of this bay, which was really a part of Mosquito pass, the waters of the Sound narrowed until at one point McNiel's island, and the mainland were not a quarter of a mile apart. In the middle, or almost in the middle of this narrow strip of water stood a little island containing about three acres. From where the warden stood he could distinctly see Dewitt's house, which was perched on the high bank directly fronting the narrowest part of the pass. A rude wooden stairway led down from the front of the house to the water's edge, and a couple of boats were moored at the foot of the steps.

"You are well situated to help convicts off the island, any way, Mr. Dewitt," muttered Warden Bamber, as his comprehensive glance took in these

things. Then he added as a tall, gaunt figure came out of the house first mentioned: "But there's Joe Floyd. He's true blue, and not afraid of man or devil. I must talk with him."

He shook his bridle rein, and trotted briskly down to intercept the man he had spoken so highly of. The latter had a bucket in either hand, and was evidently going somewhere for water. They met at a point about a hundred yards from the house, where the trails crossed.

"Why don't you dig a well nearer your house, Joe?" asked the warden in a bantering tone.

"Why," exclaimed Joe, with an air of great surprise, "ain't you never seen my spring, Warden? Jest hitch yer critter, an' come erlong with me fifty yards, an' I'll show you why I ain't never dug no well."

"I'll go you," said the warden, as he threw his bridle over a convenient limb, and followed the rancher, who could now be seen to be a man of great stature and strength, still in the prime of life, and with a face full of character. A moment's walk brought the wayfarers to a spot where the hill suddenly rose before them. Here it seemed as if some brobdignagian shovel had, in former times, scooped out a space in the bank twenty feet deep, and thirty wide, and afterwards smoothed the outlines into harmony until the most beautiful sylvan amphitheater conceivable was the result. In the center of the background gushed from a hole

in the hill a stream of cold, clear water as thick as a man's thigh. This rippled down twenty feet, and formed a circular pool six feet in diameter, from which it overflowed again, and gurgled down a channel made several feet deep by its own impetuosity, until it finally struck a gulch further along, and sped away to the salt water.

"There!" said Joe, pointing to the spring with a dramatic gesture of his long arm, the effectiveness of which was somewhat lessened by the 14-quart pail that hung at the end, "There's a well that God made! And I reckon it's good enough fer—fer—even Henry Watterson."

The warden smiled. He knew that Joe was a hide-bound democrat, and that the famous editor of the Courier-Journal was his ideal of manhood, but nevertheless he was much impressed with the beauty of the spot. There was a rude bench by the pool, evidently shaped by the ready axe of the woodsman. Mr. Bamber sat down here, while Joe filled a dipper with the crystal liquid, and fetched it to him. Then he took a seat.

"Joe," said the warden, whose head was full of one idea, "what kind of a man is Dewitt?"

Joe flashed a shrewd, penetrating glance at his questioner, and then answered drily:

"About five foot, nine, and light complected."

"Quit your fooling, Joe," returned Mr. Bamber. "I mean of course what kind of a character has he?

I'm serious, and have my reasons for asking. In fact, that's what brought me over here."

"Wa'al," drawled Joe, "I ain't much of a hand fer talkin' erbout my neighbors. What be you drivin' at? What do you want ter know fer?"

"Look here, Joe Floyd," answered Bamber, "you know me, and I know you. And we're both square men, ain't we? Well, I think it possible Dewitt has been passing word through to some of my lambs. I wouldn't trust everybody, but I have no hesitation in letting you in the secret. Now tell me what you know!"

CHAPTER NINETEEN

JOE looked hard at the warden, and the warden gazed fixedly at him in return. Then the rancher put his right foot over his left knee, and regarded intently his somewhat worn shoe. Mr. Bamber waited patiently, for he knew Joe's quaint ways, and that when he did speak in earnest, it was generally to some purpose.

"Wa'al, Warden," he drawled at last, "you air kerect. You air a square man, an' so be I, an'—Dewitt's a darn skunk, an' that's a dead open an' shet fact. I allow you're barkin' up the right saplin' this time. This yer Dewitt has got too many friends that come ter see him in rowboats, an' thet no one in these parts knows. An' ter tell yer straight, warden, they air a tough lookin' crowd, an' I shud nacherly just hate ter leave anything vallyble lyin' aroun' where they cud pick it up."

"Ah, ha!" observed the warden, "he has visitors of that stripe, does he?"

"Ya'as," continued Joe, "an' he goes up ter town putty often, an' so fur ez I've seen he lives putty high fer a rancher thet ain't got but an acre of ground cleared, an' only keeps a dozen hens. Why, when the tradin' boat comes aroun' he allus pays

cash, an' buys a sight more goods than any rancher this side of ther island."

"All this you tell me corroborates my suspicions, Joe," said the warden, "but is there nothing else?"

"No, 'cept that he allus has plenty of whiskey on hand, an' thet he an' his visitors have high old sprees sometimes. I kin hear them over here of a still night. There are two rum lookin' chaps thar now, that came up yesterday in a black boat—an almighty good one too, fer either sailin' or pullin'."

This last information made Mr. Bamber start.

"Why, Joe!" exclaimed he, "I just got word to-day from an outside source that three of my worst men, Bill Kelley, Mike McGovern, and Three-fingered Bill, were expected to escape within a day or two. Suppose those two fellows who are visiting Dewitt are here to help them off!"

"I shudn't wonder but what you're right, Mr. Bamber," remarked Joe, meditatively scratching his head. "In fact, it DO look thet way." Then he scratched his leg by way of inspiration, while his long, thin face took on a look of concentration and power that would have surprised those that did not know him well. The drawl had now entirely disappeared from his voice. When he spoke again, it was in the sharp, decisive accents of a man of action. "Tell me, Warden, you might as well let me know all as a part of this business. What did yer hear? An' how did yer hear it? I know'd all of these gallus birds when I lived on the Samish

slough. They hung around Kelley's ranche on Guemes island."

Mr. Bamber without any hesitation read him Pete's note, and related all that Murph had told him. When he was through Joe remained a moment in deep thought.

"Thet's a cute kid," remarked he finally. "The Sucia islands is where Black Sam an' Long Tom is goin' ter meet 'em. Wa'al, ef I was goin' ter make sech a trip under sech sarcumstances, thet black boat at Dewitt's wud do ther business in erbout sixty hours, an' not mind a stiff breeze, or a bit of a sea, either. An' Dewitt kin fit 'em out, too. He's got a reglar arsenal thar, an' like as not clothes ter take the place of the striped suits, an' grub fer ther v'y'ge. Now, Mr. Bamber, you'd better go back ter ther pen, an' keep yer eye skinned. An' I tell yer, Warden, I reckon you cudn't do better than ter let me know the earliest possible moment, ef these fellers do git away. I allow I'll take a hand in ther game. I'll kinder hang aroun' ther house so ther messenger'll ketch me."

"All right," said Mr. Bamber, "if there's an escape, the first move I'll make will be to send Bert to you on the white pony. If you see him coming, you'll know what's up."

Joe nodded in token of comprehension, and rejoined:

"You go that-a-way. I'm goin' ter take this yer trail."

The warden understood that the astute Joe did not want to be seen with him, so he went back to his horse alone, and returned to the pen, feeling that he had enlisted a powerful ally, as well as confirmed his suspicions in regard to Dewitt.

When Mr. Bamber arrived at the pen, he found that the dinner hour—which was necessarily observed without reference to him—was passed by a considerable period. His first action, however, after putting his horse up, was to retire to his own room, and open the curtain a trifle to look through the grated window that commanded the southern corridor of the jail. Neither of the three men he had in mind were in sight. He hastily crossed the dining room to the jailer's apartment on the other side, which overlooked the northern corridor.

Neither Kelley, nor McGovern, nor Three-fingered Bill were here either. This surprised the warden, for these three men seldom joined the working gang in the afternoon, the service being optional, and only performed usually by the more willing and docile prisoners. He returned to his room, and struck a hand gong that summoned the guard on duty in the house at the time.

"What prisoners are in the working gang?" demanded he abruptly of this individual.

The man took out his book, and read off their names to his superior officer, and then, seeing that nothing more was required of him, retired.

"So!" said Mr. Bamber to himself, "they are all

there at work with the party clearing brush in the west field, with Chisholm and Trafton as guards. That's unusual, and Chisholm and Trafton are not much good—and the west field is next to the heavy timber. I guess I'd better get something to eat, and go up there myself, and take a squint around."

By this time the table was set by Fuller, the house "trusty," and the warden, hungry with his ride, was hard at work. As soon as he had finished, he went into his room again, where he took a heavy revolver from a drawer, and put it in the deep, side pocket of his sack coat. Then he started up the hill to the west field.

His mind was considerably relieved to see the group of stripe-suited convicts working at the further end of the field under the supervision of the guards. But even as he gazed, there was a sudden commotion, and one of the guards raised his rifle to his shoulder. The sharp reports rang out in quick succession, but the warden saw that three figures which separated from the other workers, and made a break for the heavy forest not fifty yards distant, had succeeded in reaching the shelter of the trees. By this time, the second guard, who had hitherto not fired, had his rifle up, and was pouring shot after shot in the direction of the fugitives. Mr. Bamber himself now arrived on the scene, and walking hastily to the latter, he threw up the muzzle of his gun, saying sternly:

"What is the use of wasting your ammunition

now, Mr. Trafton? You should have been more watchful, and shot before the men reached the timber. Now, look out for those who remain."

The rebuke was timely, for from the actions of the balance of the gang of prisoners, it was evident that there would have been a general bolt very shortly if the warden had not appeared and dominated the situation.

"Fall in line!" his voice rang out like a bugle call.

The prisoners instinctively started, and drew together as well as the rough nature of the ground permitted. Then Mr. Bamber walked along in front of them.

"As I expected!" muttered he, savagely, "those three are the missing ones. It was a put-up job. Well, now to do what we can to nab 'em."

He ordered the crestfallen guards to bring the rest of the convicts back to the jail, and hastily preceded them himself.

"Bert!" he sang out as he reached the prison yard.

A youth of fifteen appeared, like a Jack-in-a-box, from one of the outbuildings. It was in truth the warden's own son.

"Yes, sir, here I am."

Mr. Bamber beckoned him to his side. "Bert, my boy, slip a bridle on the white pony, jump on its back, and ride licketty-split across the island to Joe Floyd's. Tell him I sent you to tell him 'they are off.' "

Bert looked up for an explanation, but he saw from his father's face that the matter admitted no delay, so like the sharp boy he was, he started for the stable on the keen run. As it happened, little Murph, the newsboy, had just come out of the laundry, and seeing Bert, whose acquaintance he had already—after the manner of boys—made, going somewhere in such a hurry, he cut after him at full speed. He reached the stable door as Bert came out with the pony, which was a spirited cayuse.

"He'll carry two," said Murph, suggestively.

"Hop on behind!" was Bert's reply.

The next moment the warden saw the pony with the two boys on his back a hundred yards away, and going like the wind in the direction of Joe Floyd's.

"I guess that errand will be well done," he said with a smile as he went back to the prison to take what further measures he could for the recapture of the escaped convicts.

The boys continued on the road about a mile, when Bert turned into an old logging trail that he knew would cut off half the distance. This was overlaid at short intervals with skids, and he was compelled to hold the pony in. Now for the first time the boys had an opportunity to talk, and Murph took advantage of it to ask a question. He had hitherto been occupied in holding on.

"What's up?" inquired he.

"I don't know," answered Bert, "but Dad was in an awful hurry, and when he's like that it ain't healthy to stop and ask questions. He told me to tell Joe Floyd 'they are off,' whatever that may mean."

"Didn't you hear the shots?" queried Murph.

"No!" answered Bert in great surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Why, just before your dad came down the hill there were five or six rifle shots fired up there."

"Jehosophat! I bet some of the prisoners have got away!"

Murph thought so, too, and had a notion he could name them, but he remembered that the warden had warned him to say nothing about his mission, so he only observed:

"Cricky! They may be right here in these woods! What would you do if you met 'em, Bert?"

"I'd make this pony git up and dust," answered Bert with much honesty.

"Well," said Murph rather doubtfully, "perhaps that would be the best way."

They had reached a mirey spot, and were going slowly, the sagacious pony carefully picking his steps. Murph continued, after a moment's silence:

"That ain't what Cap'n Pete would do, tho'!"

"Who's Captain Pete? And what would he do?" asked Bert, in his clear boyish treble.

At this moment a grouse flew up from the timber to the left, and immediately after an evil face peered

from behind a tree—unseen, however, by the two lads—and listened for the reply.

"He's a boy I know in Port Townsend, and he'd capture them. That's what he'd do! Didn't you ever hear tell of Captain Pete Graignic, Bert?"

"No-p," returned the other boy, evidently interested, "but how would he capture them?"

"Oh! I don't know," responded Murph, airily, beginning to think he was talking too much, "he'd do it, somehow."

"He would, eh!" growled Kelley under his breath behind the tree. "That cussed young whelp had better look out for himself, now I'm loose again. I'll wind up his clock for him as soon as I get a chance."

The boys now came to a better piece of road, and cantered on in ignorance. Soon they reached the hill above Joe Floyd's shack, and as they passed over the brow of it, and began to descend, Bert saw that individual himself sitting in the shade of a tree near the house, and apparently engaged in cleaning his rifle. He looked up with a smile when the boys came along, for although his quick glance had noted them as soon as they were in sight, he did not move until they accosted him.

"Wa'al, Bert, out fer a ride?" Then he happened to look Murph full in the face, and he leaped to his feet with a quicker movement than his long limbs seemed capable of. "Why! ef it ain't Dennis Murphy!"

"DID N'T YOU EVER HEAR TELL OF CAPTAIN PETE GRAIGNIC, BERT?"

At this unlooked for recognition Murph's face grew radiant, and he exclaimed

"Well! It's *my* Joe Floyd!"

"So it is, my boy," answered the rancher, with genuine pleasure in his face, "an' how is yer mother?"

"First-rate, Mr. Floyd, and proud she'd be if she knew I'd seen you again."

"Wa'al, wa'al," said Joe, "set down, boys. Bert, Dennis an' me is old friends. I knowed him when he warn't knee-high ter a jack rabbit. Before his father died."

"That's so!" corroborated Murph heartily, "and the good friend you were to my mother and me before we lost the farm on the Samish Flats, and had to go to Port Townsend, bad 'cess to it."

At this point Bert recollected his message and broke in by saying:

"Mr. Floyd, father told me to tell you 'they are off.' I don't know what it means."

"All right, Bert. Thet's what I sposed yer cum fer. I know what it means."

He swabbed his gun, which was a Winchester 45-90, until it was dry; then he oiled it, and going into the house came out again with a box of cartridges, and began filling the magazine.

"I may go huntin' ter night," he remarked to the attentive boys, "that's the reason I'm 'iling her up. When air yer goin' back, Dennis?"

"To-morrow, by the Multnomah, sir."

"Tell yer what, boys, I was jest goin' ter cook supper. You both stay an' eat with me, an' then Bert kin go back an' tell his father thet Murph bunked in with me ter night. How'll thet suit yer, Dennis, my boy? I'll take yer over in the mornin' in time ter ketch ther boat."

"Bully," said Murph concisely.

And as it would be daylight until almost eight o'clock, it suited Bert, too. So the boys took the pony to the barn and Joe started supper going. This consisted of venison steak—for Joe most always had deer meat on hand—hot biscuit and coffee. The boys acted as if they enjoyed the meal, and when they were through, Joe hurried Bert off.

"For," he said, "your Dad mout git narvous erbout you."

Before the warden's son was out of sight Murph had decided to tell Joe all he knew and suspected about the matter of Bert's message and its connection with his own mission to the pen. He found, however, that Floyd already knew the facts, which of course he had gathered from the warden during their morning conversation, although at that time he had not identified Murph as an acquaintance.

"Ya'as, Dennis," he said, "you're right. Them three smugglers has escaped, fer thet's what the warden's message meant. Ther reason I asked yer ter stay with me ter night was becos I had er notion yer might help me. Ye're little, an' spry, an' smart, an' I may need a boy of yer size, fer I'm goin' ter try

an' stop them fellers from gittin' off McNiel's island."

Nothing in the world could have delighted Murph's heart more than to be employed on a job of this kind, and Joe saw that he had chosen a dauntless and willing helper. He pointed out Dewitt's house to Murph, and told him the substance of his conversation with the warden in the morning.

"Now," he concluded, "what we've got ter do ez soon after dark ez possible, is ter git down ter Dewitt's beach without nobody's seein' us, an' cut all his boats adrift. Thet's one place whar' you'll be er heap er help ter me, Dennis."

Murph fairly stammered in his assurances of willingness, and the remaining two hours of daylight passed with dragging footsteps to the boy. At last the snow turned blue on the peaks of the distant Olympics and the lingering light faded out of the heavens. Then Joe arose, and taking up his rifle, said:

"Come on, Dennis."

They passed down the hill to the water front, and the rancher, giving his rifle to Murph, said:

"Hold on to thet, an' wait a minute."

He plunged into the darkness without a sound. In a moment he returned, bearing something on his shoulder. It was a small Siwash canoe, narrow as a knife blade, and only fitted to carry two persons. He waded in the water as far as his knees, and set the boat carefully down.

"Is yer hair parted in the middle?" asked he in low tones of the newsboy. "Becos ef it ain't, you'll upset this eggshell, Dennis. It's a canoe I keep *cached,* an' only use on speshil occasions."

He lifted Murph in and embarked himself with the careless skill of an Indian.

"Now," said he, "don't speak above a whisper, fer sound travels fur on the water. I'm goin' ter take yer ez clust ez I kin, an' yer'll hev ter wade till ye're in front of Dewitt's. Then cut ev'ry boat loose an' shove it clear of the land. After thet come back an' I'll pick yer up."

CHAPTER TWENTY.

JOE dipped his paddle softly in the water, and the canoe started forward as smoothly and gracefully as a wild duck. The paddler was an old hand at the business, and it is questionable if even a Siwash could have handled the little craft more skillfully. It did not take many of his powerful strokes to drive the canoe to the designated point, about a mile from where they started, and it was done without a sound save the slight ripple of the water as it was parted by the sharp prow.

"Now, Dennis," breathed Joe, reaching out his long arm to assist the boy. By the aid of his hand Murph arose and carefully stepped overboard. The water was about eighteen inches deep.

"Down thar!" whispered Joe; "keep erbout in this depth, an' it'll guide yer."

It was pitch dark under the bank where the boy and the canoe were, but out from the land the stars glittered on the water, and the obscurity was not so profound. Murph had sharp eyes, and he managed to pilot himself along pretty well. It was hard work, for he did not dare lift his feet out of the water for fear of making a splash, which in the perfect stillness might be heard a long distance.

So he forced his way slowly along until he had gone a hundred yards or more. Once he nearly tumbled over a large boulder, and another time he just saved himself from stepping into a hole that seemed to be over his head. At last he saw a point in front of him where the water seemed blacker than usual. He reached it and found it to be a large boat. Placing his hand upon the gunwale, he guided himself forward by it until he reached the bow. There he felt a chain which passed from a ringbolt in the foresheets over the bow into the water. As it was evidently fast to an anchor, Murph followed it along and finally found what he was after a little further inshore. It was a piece of railroad iron weighing about fifteen pounds, and shackled to the chain. The lad lifted it cautiously, and carrying it to the boat, put it in. The chain clinked slightly, but that was unavoidable, and after all, might have been produced by the tide swinging the boat. About ten feet of the chain still hung over, however. Murph piled it in the boat gingerly, foot by foot, and finally it swung free. Then he shifted his grip along the gunwale again until he had hold of the stern, and gave it as hard a shove as he was able. He had the satisfaction of seeing it drift rapidly through Mosquito Pass. "So far, it's all right!" he thought, as he began to search around again, for Joe had told him there would be three boats. Presently he found another one, which was a much easier job to dispose of, for its anchor line was only a thin rope.

This he quickly cut adrift and sent flying after the first.

Now he began his search for the third and final one of the flotilla. He found it closer inshore, and tied to the railing of a flight of wooden steps which led up the bank. Luckily the tide was rising, for this last craft had been aground five minutes before, and even now its bottom scarcely cleared the sand. As Murph drew his knife out of his pocket, and took hold of the painter, a voice from the top of the bank startled him so that he nearly dropped the knife. But he saw in a moment that it was somebody else that was being addressed, and though his heart beat hard, he softly severed the rope, determined at all events to do his duty, and obey Joe's orders. As the last boat drifted silently down with the tide into the black shadows about the pass, the lad heard the voice say:

"Dewitt, it's so dark down below that I can't see any of the boats. Do you suppose they're all right?"

"I reckon so," came the answer, "nobody ever comes along here. But you can go down and see, if you're anxious."

Steps began to descend the stairway, and Murph turned tail, and made his way as rapidly as was possible without noise, in the direction of Joe, and the canoe. He had not gone half the distance he had come, when he heard the voice exclaim, with a furious oath:

"Dewitt, here's the painter of the skiff hanging adrift, and the skiff gone!"

More steps came hurriedly down, and at the same instant Murph saw a black streak shoot alongside of him, and heard Joe whisper:

"Take my hand an' git in cleverly. Then lay down in the bottom. I'm goin' ter dig out an' we can't afford an upset."

The minute the boy was down, Joe swung the head of the canoe around with a mighty sweep of the paddle, and keeping in the shadow of the shore he flew silently and swiftly as a night bird, back toward his house. They could hear exclamations of wrath, and curses loud and deep as the two men evidently realized more fully the disaster which had overtaken their fleet. When Floyd reached the point from which he had started, he ceased paddling, and said to Murph:

"Now, Dennis, my lad, you had better get out an' find yer way ter ther shack. Yer kin bunk in thar till I cum back."

This proposition did not suit Murph's views at all, and he arose from his recumbent position very slowly.

"Where are you going, anyhow?" asked he, "and why can't I go with you, Mr. Floyd?"

"Why Dennis, I may lay out all night," said Joe. "I'm goin' ter Muskeeter island—thet little island in ther middle of ther pass—ter watch thet none of them convicts swims across ter-night."

"Let me go, too? I'll watch as well as you, and four eyes are better than two," urged Murph.

Joe wavered a moment, and then said:

"Wa'al, come erlong, but mind yer keep yer mouth shet, an' yer little carkiss under cover. Thar may be bullets flyin' aroun' afore mornin', an' what wud yer mammy say ter me ef yer wos ter git hurt?"

Murph did not stop to discuss this question, but happy in the desired permission, he settled down in his former position in the bottom of the canoe, and "kep' his mouth shet." Joe made a wide detour, and came up on the side of the island opposite Dewitt's landing. When the canoe grated gently on the beach, he helped Murph out, and then followed himself. He appeared to have a cat's gift of seeing in the dark, for he picked the canoe up under his arm, and directed his course with uneering certainty into the thicket that crowned the island. Here he deposited the craft, and led the way across with perfect ease, and despite the gloom. Soon they emerged on the other side, and here the rancher paused. Right in front, and not two hundred yards distant could be seen the black mass of Dewitt's house on the top of the bank. They listened intently, and presently became aware that several persons were on the beach beneath, and occasionally could hear them call to each other in guarded tones.

"Dewitt," said one, as a splash and vigorous curse was heard, "is that you?"

"Yes, and I just barked my shins like blazes!"

"Well, old man, there's no use in looking further. Those boats are gone to a dead moral."

"Yes, I guess they are. By thunder, it's unlucky! Stole, I suppose."

"Sure! How else could they go?"

"Well, what the deuce are we going to do about getting the boys off? By this time the warden has sent around word, and the ranchers are looking out for their boats, so that we can't get one. And you can bet it won't be healthy for them to remain on the island to-morrow! I know that Bamber! He's as spry as a wild cat, and he'll be all over."

"They'll have to swim for it then," said the other, "and collar a boat somewhere on the mainland."

"Well," returned Dewitt, "let's go up to the house. They'll be here now before long, and my eye, won't Kelley be wild!"

As they started up the steps to the house Floyd reached out his long arm, and pulled Murph so close to him that he could whisper in his ear:

"Dennis," said he, "I'm goin' ter ther south point of ther island ter watch. Thet's whar I think they'll cum. But they may be cunning, an' swim here in ther shadder ter the island, cross it, an' take ther short cut again ter ther mainland. You stop here, an' ef any one cums, let me know."

"I'll whistle," replied Murph, "I could make you hear a mile."

"All right. Tend ter yer knittin' now."

After delivering this—to do the newsboy justice

—totally unnecessary injunction, Joe disappeared, and as closely as Murph listened he could not hear him as he took up his new position. Then he settled down, and became all eyes and ears. A half hour passed, and Murph saw that something was going to happen. He heard a door open and close at Dewitt's and then a light was brought into the room fronting the island. There were no shades to the window, and he thought he could discern men dressing and undressing inside. Soon the light was taken out of the room again. A few minutes later, he heard footsteps descending the wooden stairway to the water. He concentrated his attention, and strained his eyes until they ached, but could detect nothing. There was no more talking, and not even a splash in the water to guide him.

Murph sat in the mouth of a tiny gully opening out of the bank of the island. It was nearly high tide, and the strip of beach in front of him was very narrow. He was entirely invisible, while on the other hand he could fairly well distinguish objects of any size on the shingle. And now came the crowning test of Murph's nerve that night. As he sat watching, a man emerged from the water not twenty yards distant. He came up so silently in the gloom that for a moment the boy almost refused to credit his eyes—then his heart beat violently, and he knew that it must be one of the escaping convicts. When he had agreed to whistle

for Joe he had not contemplated the possibility of any one being so near to him that it would be dangerous to attract attention to himself. He realized that if he whistled now the man in front would be apt to reach him before Joe did, and that contingency was anything but pleasant. Joe was all right, but the other fellow. While he was thinking this out, he watched—without daring to breathe hard—the man slowly and cautiously come out of the water. When he was fairly on dry land he stopped, and gazed around as if to get his bearings. Then—and Murph almost gave vent to an audible sigh of relief—he started down the beach in the direction Joe had taken. A moment's reflection satisfied the newsboy that it was now his duty to warn Joe of what was transpiring. He waited until the fugitive had gone about fifty yards, and then he put his crooked forefinger in his mouth, and a shrill, ear-piercing whistle quavered through the air with an intensity that was startling.

The man on the beach, at any rate, seemed to find it so. He stopped dead short, and stood motionless, looking behind him. Then he fell into a listening attitude, evidently not daring to move, and expecting a repetition of the alarming sound. Murph had watched the result of his signal with the utmost interest, and it now occurred to him that if he could detain the man a moment it would suit Joe better. So he whistled again as loud as he knew how, and threw a stone in the air so it would fall near the af-

frighted and confused convict. The next instant he saw the tall, gaunt form of Floyd come out from the bank of the island on the strip of shingle where the man stood. Then Joe spoke:

"Now, don't make no breaks," said he. "Ef ye so much ez move, I'll let daylight—leastways starlight—thro' yer." Then he raised his voice: "Come up here, Dennis."

Murph came on the keen run, his pulse beating at the normal rate again.

"Now, mister," remarked the rancher to his prisoner, "jest be ez quiet ez yer kin, an' I won't hurt ye while this young friend of mine feels yer over ter see ef yer hez any guns or knives erbout yer clothes."

He pointed his rifle threateningly at the head of the fugitive as he spoke, and Murph without further instruction commenced his search, which was by no means fruitless. First the boy brought to light a large revolver, and then a long and murderous knife. Joe took possession of both these weapons without remonstrance on the part of the owner, who throughout the affair had not spoken a word. Now however, he said sullenly:

"Who are you? and what business have you to hold me up in this way?"

"Don't be alarmed," answered Joe soothingly, "I got business. Now let me see them two paws of yourn."

He took a piece of rope out of his pocket, and

made the prisoner's hands fast behind his back as handily as a sailor could have done.

"There, my lamb," remarked he, "now your claws is cut, let's talk er little. Who be ye?"

"Find out," answered the man surlily.

Joe roughly pushed his chin up, and examined him as closely as possible in the dim light.

"Well, I don't re-cognize yer," he grumblingly admitted, "but thar's lots of fellars I don't know thet ought ter be in jail."

At this point Murph spoke:

"I think he hasn't got all his fingers on his right hand, sir. I noticed it as I searched him."

Joe seized the convict's right hand, and despite his obstinate efforts to keep it clenched, forced it open, and saw that the index finger was missing. "So it's you, Three-fingered Bill! No wonder I didn't know yer with ther baird shaved off yer ugly mug."

"Yes, Joe Floyd, I know you, too, and I won't forgit this night!" said the ruffian fiercely.

"Sho!" answered Joe, in his bantering tone, "so yer hev got a good mem'ry, hev yer? Wa'al, ef yer shud fergit me I'll send yer erlong er fotygraph when I get some tuk. Whar's Bill Kelley, an' Mike McGovern? an' why didn't they come erlong with yer?"

"That's for you to find out," answered the savage.

"All right. I reckon you air good enough haul fer one dip of ther seine. Come erlong, Dennis."

He took Three-fingered Bill by the arm, and led him to where he had left the canoe. His great strength enabled him to pick it up with one hand, and holding his prisoner with the other, they reached the water.

"Now," he said, "Dennis, I'm goin' ter leave ye here till I take my friend Bill over ter ther shack. Thar I'll make him safe, an' cum back arter ye. Air yer afeard?"

"No, sir," replied Murph bravely, but all the same he thought to himself that he would have rather gone in the boat with Joe. In fact, as soon as the canoe was out of sight, he lost no time in stowing himself away under a big fallen tree, where he shiveringly speculated on the possibility of Bill Kelley or Mike McGovern appearing before Joe came back.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

MURPH, however, was not destined to have any more adventures that night. In about a quarter of an hour Joe Floyd returned.

"I guess, Dennis," said he, "thar ain't no use of our stopping here longer. Them whistles yer give was alfired loud, an' I reckon that ther other two hez either tuk the alarm, or like ez not they swum past ther point of ther island, an' got safe ter ther mainland while we wos monkeyin' aroun' with Three-fingered Bill. I see thet Dewitt's house is dark, an' I guess we'll go back."

Murph was not sorry. He was very tired, and thought he had earned glory enough for one day, anyhow. Joe, now he had time to talk, was very complimentary to him about his share of the capture, and said many things in regard to his conduct during the evening that made the boy feel proud. When they arrived at Joe's house, Murph found that the rancher had tied the escaped convict to a stout sapling near by.

"But couldn't he holler?" asked Murph.

"Take a look at his meat trap, an' yer'll find out," returned Joe.

Murph investigated accordingly, and found that

a section of stick had been put in the prisoner's mouth, and was tied back of his head, gagging him so effectually that he could not speak a word, and in fact had to breathe through his nose, which he did with a snorting sound that suggested temper. It was not yet midnight, and after some deliberation the rancher decided that the best thing he could do was to take his captive to the penitentiary—about two miles distant—at once. He announced his decision to Murph, and unbound Bill from the post, mercifully taking the uncomfortable gag from his jaws.

"Ye ain't used no bad langwidge fer an hour, ennyhow, Bill," he observed cheeringly as he untied the knots.

Three-fingered Bill glared at him with an anger too deep for words, but the huge rancher took no notice as he continued preparations for the trip. He took a piece of half-inch rope fifteen feet long, and made a slip-noose in the end of it. This he put around Bill's burly neck, and as the man's hands were still confined behind his back, he found himself in a very helpless situation.

"Come on, Dennis," said Joe, carrying his rifle in his right, and taking the end of the tether rope in his left hand. "Bill," he continued, as that individual displayed no inclination to start, " yer might ez well cum erlong quiet; ef yer don't I'll jerk yer ugly head off."

He gave a sharp pull on the rope to emphasize his

words, and without further trouble the sullen captive followed. A short walk through intricate forest trails trodden with undeviating certainty by the rancher brought the party to the county road in front of the penitentiary.

"Pull thet bell-rope, Dennis," directed Joe.

The latter as soon as he found it, gave a hearty yank, and a deep-toned bell boomed on the night air. Footsteps were shortly heard hurrying down from the prison, for the ringing of the bell was a very unusual affair, and then the voice of one of the guards was heard on the other side of the wall.

"What's the matter? Who are you? and what are you ringing the bell for?"

"I reckon it's all kerect," was the answer. "I'm Joe Floyd, an' I wanter see ther warden."

More footsteps came up, and Mr. Bamber's voice was heard saying: "It's all right. Open the gate, Mr. Longmire."

A key was inserted, and the door creaked open.

"I found one of your pet lambs wandering out of ther fold, Warden Bamber, an' me an' Dennis hev cotched it, an' brung it back."

"Good for you, Joe! Bring him up to the house, and let's take a look at him," returned Mr. Bamber leading the way.

When they entered the lighted room, he regarded Three-fingered Bill with some disappointment visible in his face, and observed:

"So it's you, is it, my man? I wish it had been Kelley. Where are your two pals?"

"They're far enough by this," sulkily answered the ruffian, "and so would I have been if I hadn't been such a fool as to take the island, instead of swimming straight across."

The warden looked at Joe inquiringly, and the rancher corroborated his statement by saying:

"I reckon he's tellin' ther truth fer once in a way, Warden. I think ther other two got over ter the mainland while we wos gittin' him, but I'll tell yer all erbout it after yer git him locked up."

"Put him in the black cell, Mr. Longmire," said the warden, "and Joe and Murph, you come into my room, will you?"

They followed Mr. Bamber, who soon had the whole story out of them, and again Murph came in for his share of the praise. It was agreed that there was little doubt that Bill Kelley and Mike McGovern had reached the mainland successfully, and the warden announced his determination of going over to Steilacoom the next morning to catch the first trolley into Tacoma in order to notify Mr. Catron, the United States marshal, of the escape of the smugglers. Murph, who was pretty well worn out by this time, had curled himself up on the sofa, and listened rather drowsily, but when he heard the warden's intention he roused himself, and proclaimed that he was going with Mr. Bamber. This

determination surprised both men who thought he had much better take a long sleep, and board the Multnomah at a later hour. But Murph, who was very wide-awake again, and apparently excited and determined, was in the end allowed to have his own way. Before they separated, the warden said:

"Joe, there was no reward offered because the prisoners were not gone long enough, but I think you are entitled to fifty dollars anyway."

He went to the safe in the corner of the room, and took out fifty dollars in gold which he handed to the rancher. Joe regarded it in his broad palm. There were two double eagles, and two five-dollar pieces. He passed one of each over to Murph, saying:

"We're pards in this deal, Dennis."

The newsboy's eyes sparkled as he pocketed the money, and he answered:

"I'm proud if you think I earned it, Mr. Floyd."

"That you did!" they both replied heartily, and then the warden continued:

"And I want to pay the expenses of your trip from Port Townsend, too, Murph. If it had not been for your warning, three prisoners would have escaped instead of two."

He gave him seven dollars more, and Murph went off to bed thinking he had done the best day's work of his life. The next morning Mr. Bamber, and the newsboy arrived in Tacoma a little before eight o'clock, and Murph somewhat to the warden's surprise immediately bade him good-bye, and scuttled

off by himself as if he had important business on hand. The lad's first move when he found himself alone was to locate the office of the Postal Telegraph Company, which he finally did on Pacific avenue. He took a blank, and after some laborious cogitation, wrote the following message, which he paid for, and asked to have forwarded at once.

TACOMA, Sept. 27.

To Captain Pete Graignic,
No. 17 Willow Street, Port Townsend, Wash.,

Look out! K. and McG. both got loose last night.

Murph.

The clerk who received the message looked curiously at the boy as he read his production, and then took it over to the superintendent who sat at his desk nearby. That official read it, glanced at Murph, and nodded to the operator that it was all right.

Murph's next move was to find out the running time of the Port Townsend boat, and he was lucky enough to catch the Olympian, which left at nine o'clock, and we shall leave him on board for the present.

Captain Pete had been much perturbed ever since he had sent Murph down to warn Mr. Bamber. Long Tom and Black Sam had disappeared from town the same night the newsboy went. Pete knew

they must have gone in some sort of small sailing craft, such as most of these nomads of the Sound possess, since they were not passengers on the Evangel, which was the only steamer by which they could get anywhere near the Sucia islands. He had not told a soul of his trouble, not even Tom Fisher, for he didn't see that anyone could help him in the absence of the Major, or Captain Kennedy or his staunch friend the Collector. As it was, the only one he took into his confidence was Dope. The great mastiff evidently sympathized deeply, for whenever Pete sat down, which he was too uneasy to do often, he would come and lay his head on his knee with gentle insistence, and say, in dog language:

"I'm with you, master. All you've got to do, is to say the word, and I'll help wherever I can."

At such times Pete would pat the huge head, and answer:

"Thanks, Dope. Maybe you'll have a chance to get in your work yet. I'm going to take you down to Waldron with me when I go."

Then Dope would wag his tail proudly, and execute a ponderous caper of delight. Finally, Pete determined to take the Evangel the next morning, (Wednesday) and go over to East Sound, on Orcas island. From there he could walk across, and borrow a boat from some rancher which would carry him to his father's house. This was the same day that Murph had come up to Tacoma, and sent him

the telegram. Pete sent a note to Tom Fisher before his departure, saying that he was off to see his father on urgent business. Tom received this note early Wednesday morning, and at once went to Pete's room full of curiosity. It was about nine o'clock, and Pete had already gone down to the Evangel, which left at 9:30. While Tom stood undecided, a telegraph messenger boy came along with a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Does Captain Pete Graignic live here?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tom, "give it here."

He signed for it, and looking at his watch, started for the Evangel as hard as he could go. She was just about to cast off from the wharf when he arrived, breathless. Pete saw his arrival from the upper deck, and rushed down in time to get the message. Before he could read it, or say anything to Tom, the boat hauled out from the dock, and started on her journey.

"It's just as well," muttered Pete to himself, as he read the telegram, "that I brought Dope, and my gun along, for from the looks of things, I am going to have use for them both."

Pete rowed up to the beach in front of his father's house about five o'clock that afternoon. The Tyee was lying moored in her usual place, and looking trim and handsome in her new coat of paint. As his boat's nose grated on the shingle the elder Graignic came hastily around the house. In a moment he had

Pete in his arms, and was hugging him with the impetuosity of his French nature. Then his mother, and the children followed, and for a few minutes there was a regular love feast. While this was going on, Dope sat on his hinder end near his master, and looked calmly on giving an occasional thump with his tail to denote that he approved, and endorsed the whole proceeding. When the rejoicings were over Pete introduced the mastiff to his father and mother, making him shake hands with them, and saying:

"Dope, this is my father, and this is my mother."

Shortly after they went to the house leaving Pete and the dog at the boat, as our hero requested. When they were all inside Pete gave his hand satchel to Dope, and said:

"Take this to father, Dope."

The intelligent animal looked up at his master, and then trotted away with the handle of the bag between his strong white teeth. Pete followed at his leisure, and when he came in the house he found that Dope had deposited his burden at the fisherman's feet, and lain down beside him.

"Now, zat's a dog wors having!" remarked the elder Graignic.

"Yes," answered Pete, "he'll do almost anything except talk."

Before long the fisherman went out to the barn, and Pete, under the pretext that he would like to look around, followed him. It was the first chance

they had had to have a word alone. The father gazed at his son proudly as he came up, and recognized the difference a year of civilization and study had made in the lad.

"Father," said Pete, "I am afraid I have some bad news for you."

"What is it, my son?" asked the fisherman, surveying him keenly, "I guess I can stand it. Ze Port Townsend National bank hasn't failed, has it?"

"No, not so bad as that," returned the boy, "but it is serious enough to have brought me down here in a hurry, with my dog and gun."

"Oh!" said the fisherman with a sigh of relief and catching on with great readiness, "I expect it's somezing to do wiz Bill Kelley, and his friends, zen. I've been razer surprised at not hearing from zem in some way. Zey're a revengeful lot. But what is it, my son?"

Captain Pete related the story from Murph's overhearing the conversation between Black Sam and Long Tom, to the telegram he had received as he was leaving Port Townsend, notifying him that Kelley and McGovern were at large. The fisherman listened attentively, asking a question here and there to get the matter clearly in his mind, and when the narration was concluded, he looked grave, though not at all alarmed.

"Yes, I am glad you came down, my son," he remarked. "Zese fellows mean mischief. If zey come

before Kelley and McGovern join zem, they might only burn us out, but if they all get togezer they will do anyzing for revenge after zey're once started. I know of zis Strobel, too. He's got a ranche on ze Sucias, not far from here, and his place is a rendezvous for bad characters, such as Sound pirates, and smugglers. It is said he killed one of his companions last summer. So you see, Pete, zis is likely to be a serious matter."

"Well, we know what to expect," observed his son. "That's one comfort."

"Yes," responded his father, "it gives us ze best of it. Pete, I'm going to send your mozer and ze children down to Thomas's to stay two or zree days, and you and I, and your dog will hold ze fort. It's lucky you brought him along."

"Yes, I fancied he'd be useful," replied Pete. "Shall we tell mother?"

"I zink so. She'd suspect somezing, and be just as miserable ozerwise. You see, she'd be bound to know somezing was up, you coming home so suddenly, and her and ze children being bundled off. And zen she might turn up when we didn't want her, and zat would be very bad. Yes, I'll go in now, and tell her, and we'll get zem all off in half an hour. Zen we'll have a chance to lay our own plans. We've got to do some scheming ourselves."

He went into the house, and when Pete shortly followed he found that his father's counsel had been wise. Mrs. Graignic was quietly packing a bundle

of the things she would require during her absence. She called Pete to her, and whispered to him to be careful of himself. Then she and the children departed. Mr. Thomas, the neighbor to whose house they were going lived about three miles away, and was an intimate friend of the Graignic's, and his house was large enough to accommodate them all.

"Now," said Mr. Graignic, "we're all alone, Pete, so now let's sit down, and figure zis zing out. In ze first place, you say Black Sam and Long Tom left Port Townsend last night in a small boat?"

"They left last night," answered Pete, "or rather disappeared. Joe Hanlon, who agreed to keep track of them for me after Murph left, could not find them at all. I am sure they must have gone in a small boat, because they couldn't have got to Strobel's in any other fashion."

"Well, if zat's the case," resumed the fisherman, "zey could not have got to his house much before you arrived here. But allowing for ordinary luck zey're zere now. It's possible zey may come here to-night, as zey mean to do me up before Kelley and ze ozzers arrive. I zink you made a mistake in not telling ze custom house people all you know."

"Why, Dad," answered Pete; "I thought you and I could take care of ourselves."

"But you forget, my son, zey might have captured Kelley and McGovern at Strobel's."

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed Pete, "what a fool I was not to have seen that! But then," he added,

"you see, after all, Dad, I thought my warning to the warden of the penitentiary would prevent them from getting away."

"Yes, zat's so. Well, we've got about two hours more of daylight, and zen we must keep a weazer eye out for squalls. Is ze mastiff a good watch dog?"

"Wait till you see, Dad. Now where do you think the enemy will land?"

"Well, Pete, it's easy enough for zem to spot the house because zere are no trees between it and ze water, and I always keep a lamp lit in ze front room in ze evening. Zey'd steer by ze light, and land about two hundred yards above here where ze point runs out. Now I propose we leave ze lamp burn as usual, but you and I will lie out by zat point, and see zem when they come. After zey land we'll follow zem down, and if zey try any of zeir funny business about ze house or barn, we'll hold them up. And if necessary, some of zem will get hurt. Can you do any good wiz zat gun Captain Kennedy gave you in Victoria?"

Pete smiled at this question: "I forgot you haven't seen me shoot lately, Dad. I wish I had as much money as I can shoot straight."

By which rhetorical figure Mr. Graignic gathered as he was expected to, that Captain Pete was a very good shot, indeed.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

"BUT," said Captain Pete, "I think I can improve on your plan."

"How?"

"We'll put Dope to watch the beach from the point of the house. I've got him trained so he'll come and tell me if any one is approaching, without making them aware of the fact. He never barks unless I give him leave."

"Is zat so? He's a great dog! but can we trust him in zis matter? Zere mustn't be any mistake made. It might cost a good deal money, and possibly one of our lives."

"I'd trust him quicker than I would myself, Dad. Then you see, if he takes the watch on the water front, you and I can ambush ourselves, one by the barn, and the other by the house. And I think that's a good idea to leave the light burning in the front room."

"All right," concluded the elder Graignic, "zen zat's settled. Now let's get supper."

"You make the fire, Dad, and I'll go and put Dope on duty right away."

He went out followed by the mastiff, who had immediately risen on hearing his name mentioned. In a few moments the lad returned, and said:

"Now we'll know if anybody comes, without having to keep a lookout ourselves."

They cooked themselves a good supper, and a pot of strong coffee, which the Frenchman could make to perfection, and were just going to sit down when Dope came in through the open door. He went straight to his master, looked up in his face, and whimpered.

"What is it, Dope?" asked Pete.

Dope gave a low growl, and then whimpered again, after which he started for the door, looking back at Pete.

"There's somebody coming, Dad," said Pete to his father, who was watching this dog pantomime in great surprise. "It can't be Black Sam and Long Tom yet, can it?"

"By zunder!" ejaculated Mr. Graignic, "zat's a great animal! Well, let's go and see who it is."

He took his Winchester rifle from the rack, and pulled down the guard, forcing a cartridge from the magazine into the barrel, while Pete buckled the belt containing Captain Kennedy's gift around his waist underneath his coat, and they both followed the mastiff, who now took the lead, to the beach. Sure enough, there to the southward, a quarter of a mile off, and close in shore, a canoe was approaching, being rowed apparently—for they could see the oar blades flash—at great speed.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the fisherman, who was gifted with very keen sight, "I believe I know zat

canoe. If it ain't ze one we took from Mike McGovern and Zree-fingered Bill, I'm a Dutchman!"

"That looks mighty like Kennedy on the forward thwart," observed Pete, who could see pretty well himself.

"Sapristi! you're right, Pete. If zis ain't great luck!"

"We won't do a thing to Black Sam and Long Tom now!" slangily remarked Captain Pete. "And what do you think of Dope, Dad? Is he a safe sentinel?"

"He's a Jim Dandy!" returned the jubilant old fisherman.

"That's what he is," assented Pete proudly, as he patted the mastiff's head, "but you haven't seen half his good points yet."

In a few minutes the canoe dashed up, and Captain Kennedy sprang out.

"Ah! you young villain," said he, as he shook hands with our hero, "you wanted to have all the fun between your father and yourself, did you?"

Pete laughed, and answered, as the revenue man cordially greeted the fisherman:

"How on earth did you catch on, Cap?"

"Why, I got a cypher despatch from U. S. Marshal Catron that told me of the escape of Kelley and McGovern. It mentioned you and Murph, and said that you knew the men were coming to the Sucias. I figured pretty sharp, and reckoned that like as not you were here to tell your father, especially after I

wired Port Townsend, and got word from Tom Fisher that you had left this morning on the Evangel. Then I took Jimmy, the little Scotchman—you remember him, don't you?—and we came along hand over hand. And here we are, and hungry as starved wild cats."

"Well, supper is just ready, Cap. But first let me introduce Dope to Jimmy, so he'll know he's a friend, and then carry the canoe back into the brush. We don't want it to be recognized, and spoil sport."

"That's a good idea," acknowledged Kennedy. "Pete, all your learning has not made a fool of you yet."

Dope and Jimmy were formally made acquainted with each other, Captain Kennedy being an old friend, and after the hand-shaking process necessary to the ceremony was duly gone through, and the canoe *cached* out of sight in the neighboring timber, Captain Pete made a sign to the dog who quietly took up his sentinel duty, while they all went back to the house for supper. While eating, matters were entirely explained to the revenue officer. He agreed that their arrangements had been all right, but suggested that now there were four of them they should alter their plans slightly.

"In fact," said he, when they were finished, "I don't see any reason why we shouldn't just lay the whole gang by the heels as easy as rolling off a log. In the first place, we can take this Black

Sam and Long Tom here. They'll go to jail right enough for threatening to burn you out. Murph's evidence, and their being caught on the spot will do that. Provided Strobel don't come with them, we'll take the canoe, and go over, and capture him. Then we'll lay in ambush for a day or two for Bill Kelley, and McGovern. They'll be sure to be along by that time, for they will steal a boat, and make for this point the first thing to hear the news, and post themselves on their prospects. Now, what do you think of it?" he concluded, looking at the two Graignics.

They regarded each other interrogatively, and the fisherman lisped:

"It's a go, Cap! I'd like to see zose two fellows back where ze dogs won't bite 'em, for I ain't sure it's healzy for eizer Pete or me to have zem outside ze bars, and in zis neighborhood. So you can just count on us bos, and the dog. From what I've seen of him, I allow he's better zan an extra man."

"To be sure he is," said Pete, "and that reminds me that I must feed him." He gathered up the remains of the supper in a milk pan, and went to the door, taking a small whistle out of his pocket: "Now," he said, "one toot means 'take your time, Dope,' and two means 'come along in a hurry.' I'll give him two."

He whistled twice, shortly and sharply, and then held up his hand for them to listen. In a second they all heard a rapid sound of feet, and before the

echoes had died away, Dope was before his master.

"Now," said Pete, "here's your supper. Eat it, and then go back, and watch again."

Dope listened to this order with the intelligence of a human being shining from his eyes. Then he quietly ate his meal, and disappeared from the room again. Captain Pete looked at the others.

The old fisherman slapped his thigh with his horny hand.

"Well," he exclaimed, "if zat don't beat all! Pete, how did you ever train him so?"

"Patience, and perseverance," replied Pete.

"Yes," broke in Kennedy philosophically, "patience, perseverance, and elbow grease! The three things that that fellow, Arkim Eads, made the lever with, to move the earth."

The old fisherman looked rather doubtfully at Pete, as if he would like to have his opinion on the matter. Pete smiled, and remarked:

"No doubt he would have made it that way. The Captain is a little mistaken. He didn't make the lever at all; he only said that if he had a place to rest one—a fulcrum, you know—he could move the world."

Captain Kennedy listened to Pete's comment on his statement with equanimity, and summed up the matter by remarking: "Well, he must have been a great mechanic, anyhow. I wonder if the Eads that fixed up the mouth of the Mississippi was any kin to him?"

"No," answered Pete gravely, "they spell their names differently."

The darkness was now closing in, and the fisherman suggested that they had more important matters to think of than those they were discussing. They accordingly went out to select their ambushes. It was finally decided that the officer and Pete should hide themselves near the barn, while Mr. Graignic and Jimmy were stationed in a clump of shrubbery near the house. Thus the four were within a hundred yards of each other, and it would be easy to reinforce either party should they need assistance. By the time these points had been decided, night had fallen. There was no moon, but the stars glowed like jewels on the dark mantle of the sky. After the eyes had become accustomed to the obscurity it was possible to see faintly for twenty or thirty yards. As Kennedy and Pete took up their stations beneath a fir tree, a short distance from the barn, Pete gave a short toot on his dog whistle.

"What's that for?" asked Kennedy.

"I want to let Dope know where I am," replied the lad, "so that he won't waste time hunting for me when he's got news to tell."

In a few moments Dope came leisurely up, wagging his tail, and thrust his nose into his master's hand. Pete caressed him, and then said: "Go back, and watch, Dope."

He started back to his post in a perfectly matter-of-fact way.

"Great dog!" commented Kennedy.

Now ensued a couple of tedious hours. Kennedy would not even light his pipe, for fear a spark or the odor of the burning tobacco might betray their position. Captain Pete was not nervous, for he knew that whatever happened they would not be taken by surprise. He and the officer conversed in a low tone until about half-past ten, and then Pete heard his father go into the house to extinguish the lamp which had been burning in the front room until now. Shortly after this Dope appeared as silently as a ghost. Pete and Kennedy sprang to their feet, and the former said in a whisper:

"What is it Dope?"

The dog replied as well as he could by the same repressed whimper that he had used before.

"Well, Cap," said Pete, "they're here. What shall we do now?"

"I'd like to know mighty well where they landed, or are going to land if they haven't yet?" remarked Kennedy earnestly.

"Suppose Dope and I go, and reconnoiter," suggested Pete. "I put on a pair of moccasins after supper, and we wouldn't make as much noise as a cat."

"Well, go along," answered the officer, "but be careful they don't get on to you."

"No fear," replied Pete, as he and Dope melted into the darkness. He put his hand on the dog's neck, and they struck into a trail that led north-

ward from the barn. Dope was leading his master, in fact, and Pete directly knew, as the dog left the trail, and struck across some "logged-off" land that they were going in the direction of the point where his father had thought it likely that the marauders would land. Dope was in a hurry, and showed an inclination to go faster than was comfortable for his master, but when the latter whispered,

"Steady, Dope! steady, old man,"

He slowed up at once. Their course soon lead them to a thin belt of timber beyond which the waters of the Sound glimmered in the starlight. As they reached the edge of this strip Dope stopped, and Pete felt his body grow tense and rigid under his hand.

"Yes, good dog, I understand, steady!" whispered Pete.

The noble brute turned his head back, and gave Pete's hand a quick lick with his hot tongue, and then gazed eagerly into the darkness again. Then the lad heard low voices on the beach, and in a moment he was able to distinguish three men and a boat by the water's edge. It was evident that the men had just disembarked, and they were clustered together, talking in an undertone so cautiously that Pete could only catch an occasional word. But he heard "Graignic" enunciated twice, and was certain that the men were the expected visitors. He put his hand on his revolver to see that it was hanging in its place, and said to himself:

"They've got Strobel with them. Now I'll send Dope to tell father that they're here, and then I'll follow when they start, and we'll have them between two fires. How lucky I've got Dope, and that he's so good at this kind of work!"

He pulled the dog's head around, and putting his lips close to his ear, whispered:

"Dope, go, and tell father someone's here, and stay with him. Do you understand?"

The sagacious animal lifted his head, and as soon as he heard the command trotted off silently in the direction of the house.

Pete's suspense did not last long, for in a few minutes the men came up the beach, talking. Now he heard them plainly, and one voice said, with a slight German accent:

"Dere is a trail here somevere, if I can only find it. It leads right to de barn, which stands in a small clearing."

"Well," said another voice impatiently, which Pete thought must belong to Long Tom, "that's where we want to go. Start ahead! You've been in this God-forsaken place before, lead the caravan."

"Here's de trail, come on!" replied Strobel's voice, and they passed along it within ten feet of Pete, who held his breath as they went by. In an instant they passed out of sight, and the boy fell in after them, stealthy, silent-footed, and revolver in hand. Pete had to go by hearing rather than by sight to avoid overtaking the party in front, but

his senses were naturally keen, and well cultivated, so no disaster befell him. Shortly they came to the borders of the patch on which the barn stood. The men clustered together again as if for consultation, and then Pete saw one of them leave the group, and walk towards the building as though to reconnoiter.

Our hero remained quiet, and watched this figure —which he thought was that of the German—advance until it was opposite the fir tree, where he had left Kennedy. Imagine his consternation, however, when he saw the revenue man step into the starlight, and say:

"Well, Pete, did you find the rascals?"

Kennedy had mistaken Strobel—who was not a large man—for Pete.

For a second Pete was undecided what to do, but events passed so quickly that he had his hands full without any opportunity of choice. He saw Strobel snatch a pistol from his side, and raise it. At the same moment Kennedy realized his error. Swift as a flash of lightning, the ready-witted officer grabbed his felt hat from his head, and flung it straight in the face of his adversary, disconcerting his aim. As the "gun" was discharged in the air, Kennedy leapt forward like a tiger, and struck the German a blow with his fist that sounded on the night air as if it had been dealt with a sledge-hammer. Strobel fell in his tracks.

The next moment Pete saw Long Tom raise his

rifle to his shoulder. Before it got there Pete's revolver barked, and the man gave a scream of pain, and his rifle dropped to the ground. As it did so, Pete called out:

"Throw up your hands, you two, or I'll fill you full of lead!"

They could not see where the command came from, but they obeyed it promptly. Then Kennedy sung out to Pete:

"How are you fixed, Pete?"

"I've got my two men all right," he answered.

"I've got mine, too," rejoined Kennedy, "but he came mighty near getting me!"

At this moment there was a fierce rush of feet, and Dope came to his master. Then Pete came out into the open, in front of Long Tom and Black Sam.

"Here Dope," said he, "watch these two fellows for me. Don't let them move."

Dope gave a cavernous growl, and began slowly circling around his prisoners in a business-like way that made them shiver.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

MR. GRAIGNIC and Jimmy came hurrying up on the heels of Dope, and then Captain Kennedy joined them, having handcuffed his prisoner, who he said, was still insensible from the "tap" he gave him.

"Tap!" observed Pete, "it sounded like the blow of a battering ram. You hit pretty hard, Cap."

"Well, you see Pete, I was in a hurry, and didn't have time to measure it out. But what did you shoot for?"

"Why, Long Tom here, just had his rifle up to take a crack at you. I had to do some quick work, too. I think I hit him in the shoulder. That's what I aimed for."

"Well, call your dog off a moment, and I'll take a look at these two." A groan from Tom interrupted him. "Oh!" he continued, "it hurts, does it? Well, you see how it feels to be shot. Jimmy, put the bracelets on our black friend here, and we'll go to the house if Strobel is ready to get up."

All went back to where Strobel lay, Dope keeping close behind the heels of the two prisoners. The German was just regaining consciousness.

"Donner Wetter!" he mumbled, "I dink my jaw is broke."

"Come along," said Kennedy, lifting him to his feet by the nape of his neck. "We'll go in the house, and examine the wounded. Jimmy, trot along ahead, and light the lamp, unless you can send Dope to do it," he added to Pete.

"No!" laughed the boy, who was feeling in very good spirits, and justly proud of the part the dog had taken in the affray. "Dope's done his share already. Dad, did he come to you a little while ago?"

"Yes," said the fisherman, "he came right up in front of me, and whimpered. I knew at once you had sent him to tell me ze men had arrived, and to be on ze look out. And zen he stayed wiz me until you shot, and called out for zem to hold up zeir hands."

Dope had evidently listened to this account of his doings, for he came and jumped up, and put his paws on his master's shoulders, licking his face. Pete patted his huge head proudly, and the dog went back with a growl to his task of watching Black Sam and Long Tom. On reaching the house, Captain Kennedy peeled off Tom's shirt, and found that Pete's ball had passed through the fleshy part of his upper arm, making a severe flesh wound, but injuring no bones.

"You're a lucky blackguard," he remarked. "If the bullet had gone an inch higher, it would have smashed your shoulder to flinders. As it is, you will be all right again in a few days, unless you've

been drinking too much rum lately, and got your blood out of order."

It was noticeable that Captain Kennedy's actions were tenderer than his tongue. All the time he was talking, he was working carefully and cleverly at the wound. He managed to staunch the flow of blood, and then bound it up scientifically with a bandage he drew from his pocket.

"There," he said finally, as he gave it the finishing touch, "you're more comfortable than you deserve to be."

"You're a good sort, Captain," said the rough fellow. "I'm glad I did not shoot you now."

"Well," answered the captain carelessly, "if you think you owe me any gratitude, just bottle it up, and carry it around with you until I need it. Here, Strobel, let's look at your ugly mug, and see how much I've damaged it."

The side of his face was bruised and swollen, but it was concluded that nothing worse than a black eye would result. "You see," commented the revenue man, as he bandaged his head in a cloth wet with vinegar, "I struck him square on the cheek bone, and a very lucky thing it was for him, for I hit so hard that if the blow had landed back of the ear, or on the neck, it likely would have killed him, which really wouldn't have made me awful sorry."

The German's face, as he glared at him, expressed none of the gratitude that Long Tom had

exhibited. He muttered something savagely in German as the officer finished, and stepped back to the side of Black Sam.

"Now, Mr. Graignic, what shall we do with these chaps?" asked Kennedy.

"I've got a good stone cellar under ze storeroom," answered the fisherman. "It ain't very large, but—"

"It'll do for Sam and the Dutchman," broke in Kennedy. "If you've got a spare bed, I guess we'll let Tom have it."

Long Tom gave him a silent, grateful glance, but Strobel looked at the officer with the expression of an enraged wild beast. Before leaving them in the cellar for the night, Kennedy borrowed some rope of Mr. Graignic, and made the ankles and hands of both of them fast in such a way that it seemed impossible for them to escape. Then he locked the door on them, and put the key in his pocket. Long Tom was given a small bedroom off the sitting-room, and Kennedy went in with him to help him undress.

"Tom," he said, "you don't seem half a bad fellow. How did you get in with this gang? You haven't been around the Sound long, for I don't know you. Why don't you take a brace, old man, and get out of bad company? Are you a pal of Bill Kelley's?"

"Cap," said Long Tom with earnestness, "if

you'll believe me, I never see the man in my life. You've been a good friend to me this night, and I am going to tell you the whole truth."

"Do," said the officer gently, "it'll be the best job you ever did."

"Well," commenced Tom, "this is honest, so help me Bob! I deserted from the Monarch British man-of-war at Squimalt, just about six weeks ago. I had to lay around the 'dives' in Victoria to keep from being caught, and in one of them I run athwart of Black Sam and Strobel. They had plenty of coin, and treated me white. After I had known them a week, Strobel asked me down to his ranche on the Sucia's, saying I had better get across the line for I was in danger of being nabbed any day in Victoria. So I went with them. We came in Strobel's sloop, the Black Maria he calls it, and brought a barrel of whiskey, and some dope with us. Sam and me took this over to Port Townsend and sold it. Then they told me Bill Kelley and Mike McGovern, and Three-fingered Bill would be out of the pen shortly, and they were all going in for the smuggling racket heavy. Kelley and his pals were to bring the dope to Strobel's place, and then Sam and me, who were not so well known to the custom's officers, would work it off. And they wanted me to join them, and as I was full of rum most of the time, I did. And now," he concluded, "honest, Cap, I'm sorry for it, for I never did noth-

ing crooked before. About this night's job, I didn't like it, but I was half coaxed, and half drove into it. And that's all!"

Captain Kennedy listened to this story without taking his keen eyes off the man's face, or interrupting him once. Now he said:

"I believe you, Tom, and since you have told me of your own accord, this is what I'll do. I'll be a friend of yours, and save your bacon, and here's my hand on it." He solemnly shook the sailor's left hand, and continued: "Now, be easy, Tom, for I'll see that you don't get into trouble over this job, and let it be a lesson to you. But tell me, when did Strobel and Black Sam expect Bill Kelley and the others?"

"This week," answered Tom readily, and looking much easier in his mind. "They didn't know to a day, but they were to get here the latter part of the week."

"And this is Wednesday night," thought the captain. "The latter part of the week begins to-morrow." Then aloud: "Good-night, Tom."

He came out to the room where the others were, holding up his hand to caution them not to speak, and led the way into the kitchen. They all followed quickly, for their curiosity had been aroused by his long conference with the wounded man.

"Tom has told me the whole story," said he, as soon as the door was closed. "He is not a bad fellow, by any means. The trouble seems to have

been that he fell into bad company, and now that he has seen what it leads to, he is very anxious to get out again. He tells me that Kelley, McGovern, and Three-fingered Bill expect to be at Strobel's ranche this week. There is a reward of $50 for each offered by the warden of the penitentiary and $150 for each by the custom's department, so you see capturing them would be worth our while—outside the fun. What do you say then, if we leave Jimmy here to act as jailer to our prisoners, take the Dutchman's boat, and go over and occupy his house. When the escaped convicts turn up, we'll give them a surprise party."

"All right," agreed Mr. Graignic, "and Jimmy can explain our absence to my wife when she comes over to-morrow, and tell her to wait at Thomas's until my return."

"Then shall we go right away?" asked Pete.

"Yes, the sooner the better," said the captain.

"I zink so too," added Mr. Graignic. "It's better to be too early zan too late."

Captain Kennedy gave Jimmy explicit instructions in regard to the welfare and safety of the captives, and they set out along the beach, followed by Dope, in the direction of the boat the marauders had arrived in. It was found to be an excellent whale-boat, fitted for sail as well as oars, and safe enough, if well handled, to cross the Pacific in. There was a brisk southwesterly breeze blowing, and Pete set the leg-of-mutton

sail while his father shipped the rudder. The sail was a delightful experience to Pete. He inhaled long breaths of the biting salt air, and thought to himself that study, and the life in cities was perhaps necessary, if one wanted to get ahead in life, but that after all, his former calling as a fisherboy was by no means to be despised. An hours' sail brought them to their destination. They landed in a little cove, a hundred yards from the shanty the fisherman pointed out as the German's home.

"Suppose there is anyone else there!" suggested Pete.

"I guess not," returned Captain Kennedy, rather taken aback by the unthought-of possibility. "Long Tom did not mention anyone else, but to be sure, I did not think to ask him."

"We'd better be sure about it," remarked the fisherman. "Pete, suppose you, and Dope go up, and see. We'll lie in ze brush until you come back. And be kind of careful, my boy. Zose chaps are apt to blaze away on sight."

"Come Dope," said Pete, "more work."

Dope followed him, and avoiding the trail, as apt to be watched they made their way to the house. It was a small, one-story shack, built in the rudest way. There was a window on each side, but a curtain made of bagging prevented the interior from being seen, even if it had been light enough. Pete stood close by the wall, and listened intently. He could hear no breathing inside, so he

gently pushed the door, which was unfastened, and stepped within. He listened again in vain, and then struck a match. As he had anticipated, the room was empty. A lamp stood on a home-made table. He lighted it, and going to the door gave a call. In a moment the rest of the party appeared.

"Now," said Mr. Graignic, "we may as well finish up ze night, for it's nearly zree o'clock, by having breakfast. Zen Pete can put Dope on watch, and we'll sleep. What do you say, Captain Kennedy?"

"I say that's all right," he replied. "I'll make a fire, and you French fellows do the cooking."

In a twinkle he had a bright blaze in the mud chimneyplace, and meantime Pete and his father investigated Strobel's resources in the way of provender. A side of bacon, some tins of preserved meats, and part of a bag of flour were soon ferreted out. Mr. Graignic made some damper, and fried a lot of bacon. That, with a can of meat Pete opened made them a bountiful breakfast. Dope, who came sniffing around his master rather wistfully, had his share too. Then Pete took the dog out, and set him to watch the water front, and they all lay down to sleep.

It was late in the afternoon before they routed out again. After cooking and eating another meal, they laid their plans for the night. Captain Kennedy thought it was more than likely that the escaped smugglers would arrive some time after mid-

night, if they succeeded in getting hold of a sail boat, for it was not at all probable they would stop anywhere on the way, knowing that the authorities would keep a keen lookout for them. It was finally decided that as none of them were in need of rest, they would all stand watch, including the dog. Should the smugglers turn up, they would ambush them as they came to the house from the boat. As Kelley and McGovern had no reason to suspect that their rendezvous with Strobel was known, they would probably be entirely unsuspicious, and readily fall into the trap.

They disposed themselves along the water front within easy communication of each other, and Pete set the dog on guard again. The first part of the night passed without alarm, but about half an hour before daylight Dope, who happened to be standing alongside of his master, suddenly pricked up his ears, and gazed earnestly to the southward. There had been a fresh southerly wind all night, but now it had died down as it frequently does in these latitudes, about daybreak. Pete, warned by the dog's attitude, bent ear and eye keenly seaward. A moment later he thought he could detect the sound of oars working in the rowlocks. He listened intently, and shortly was certain of it. His father was stationed nearest him, and he went to him, and told him in a low voice, to come with Captain Kennedy to where he had been standing. A moment's time sufficed to bring them all together. Pete

told what he had heard, and the three listened. Yes! there was the sound—unmistakable to the fisherman and his son—of heavy sweeps working in a pair of rowlocks. The clink-clank was distinct and clear, and the interval in the sounds showed to experienced ears like theirs, that it was not a pair of light or readily wielded oars.

"Zey are in a sail boat," whispered the fisherman, "and ze wind has failed them, so zey've taken to ze sweeps."

"How far off should you think they were by the sound?" asked Kennedy.

"A mile or more," replied Mr. Graignic. "Sound runs far over still water like zis. But zey've got ze tide to help 'em, and with ze aid of zose sweeps, ze chances are zey will be up in ten minutes."

"Then," said Captain Kennedy, "here's what we'll do: In the first place they're sure to land in this cove, don't you think?"

"If it's Kelley and McGovern, they will," said Pete.

"Yes, you're right," rejoined Kennedy. "Well then, Pete, you and the dog get behind that big fir tree there."

He pointed to a large tree about forty yards from where the boat would land if it came to the head of the cove, and some thirty feet from the trail leading up to the house.

"Yes," said Pete, waiting to hear the balance of the plan.

"Mr. Graignic," continued the revenue officer, "you and I will stay right here. When the smugglers get to us, I'll order them to throw up their hands. It they do so without trouble Pete and you will cover them with your guns while I go up, and put the darbies on them. If they try to get away, and that's possible, for they are desperate fellows, and would take chances in the dark, ten to one they run towards Pete, and he can open fire, and turn them back to us. How does that plan strike you?"

"It's all right," said they both, and Pete and Dope went off to take up their position.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THERE was no underbrush between Pete and the cove, so he had a clear view of the water. A few moments after he had installed himself the sounds grew more distinct, and he was able to discern the moving mass turn the point, and approach up the cove. He drew back into a bunch of high fern behind the tree, and crouched down, one hand on Dope, who was trembling with excitement and eagerness, and the other on the butt of his pistol. The moving mass grounded, and as the horizon was growing lighter with the dawn, and it lay against the sky, Pete was able to distinguish the outlines of a fine fishing sloop. Two men leaped from her to the shore, first throwing out a light kedge anchor. They were evidently under no apprehension of danger, and talked to each other in tones that could be plainly heard. Captain Pete, with an unpleasant thrill of remembrance, at once recognized the grating tones of McGovern, and the deeper, harsher voice of the King of Puget Sound smugglers.

"Well, pard," said Kelley, as they struck the trail to the house, "we are safe at last. We'll have old Strobel out directly, and make him give us a slug

of whiskey, and some chuck, for I'm hungry as a wolf."

"Yes," answered Mike, with a chuckle of pleasant anticipation, "and that'll be the first whiskey that has run down our gullets in a long time, eh Bill?"

"Yes, cuss the luck, and the young skunk they call Captain Pete!"

At this moment a voice to the right of them sternly commanded:

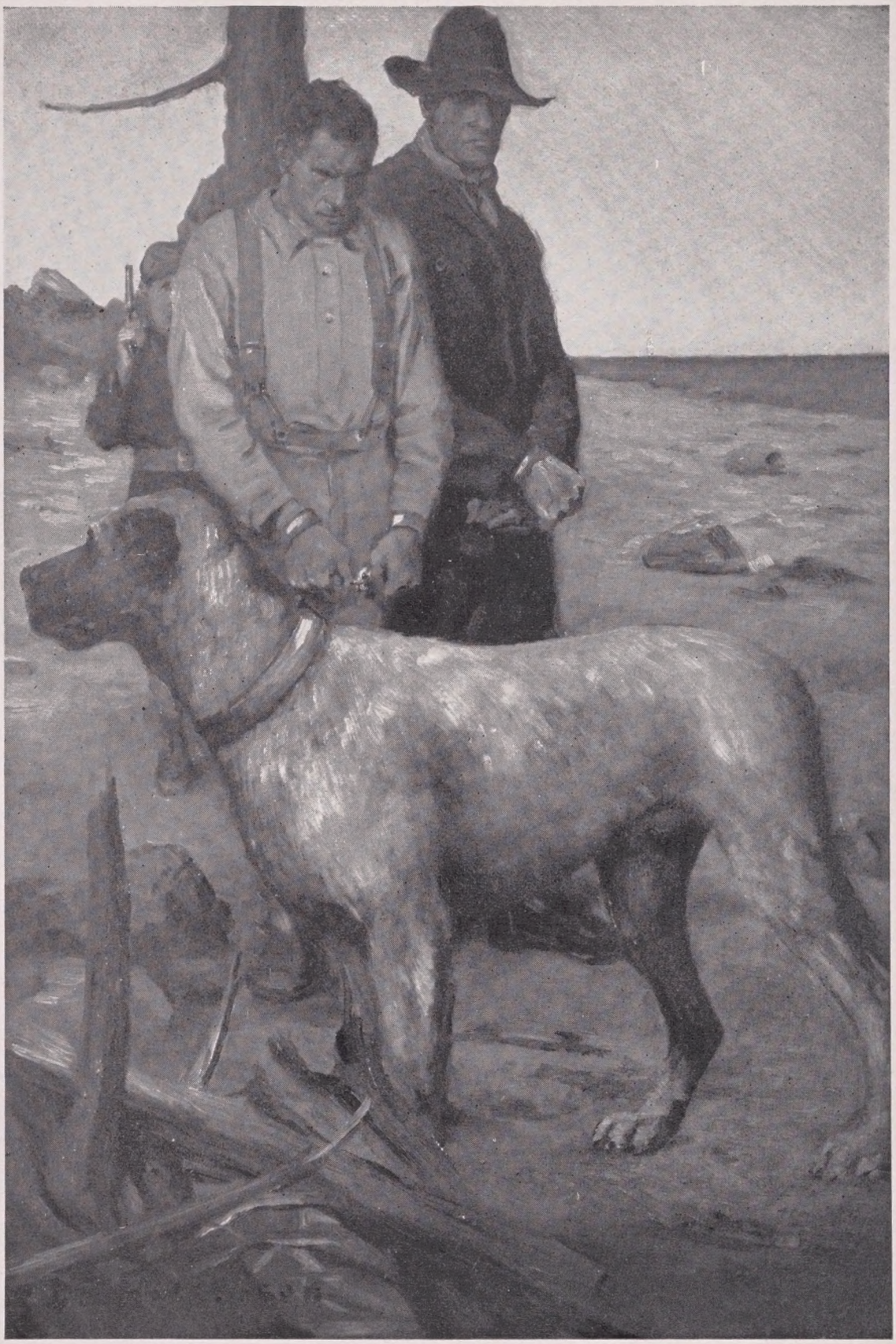
"Throw up your hands, Bill Kelley and Mike McGovern! You are my prisoners."

Mike's hands instantaneously went into the air as he heard that grim mandate, but Kelley's nature was different. He was as recklessly brave a man as ever lived, and like lightning his hand went to his belt, drew a heavy revolver, and before the captain's voice had died away, he had discharged three shots in the direction of the sound.

A jeering laugh answered the reports, and then Kennedy spoke again:

"Bill, you may as well drop that gun. I've got a bead on your heart, and when I pull trigger, you know it means business. Besides me, there's another here with his gun up; and you're cornered from behind, too. So you had better drop it. If you don't when I count three, your goose is cooked. Now, one! two!—"

Kelley dropped the smoking pistol with a savage curse, and Kennedy continued:



DOPE BEGAN TO CIRCLE AROUND THE PRISONERS.

"That's right! Now up with your hands. Quick!"

The outlaw put his hands up.

"Now," Kennedy called, "Captain Pete, I am going out to handcuff them. If they make a move, you and your father shoot to kill."

"Aye, aye, sir!" sung out Mr. Graignic and our hero, loud enough for the smugglers to hear.

Mike McGovern uttered a groan, and Kelley a ferocious curse when the name of Captain Pete was uttered, but they had no time to say more for Kennedy now stepped boldly out in front of them. At the same instant, cocked revolver in hand, Pete came up from behind, and at his word of command, Dope rushed forward, and began to circle around the prisoners with deep growls. Kelley raised his foot as if to kick the dog, but Dope sprang at his throat in such a paroxysm of rage that only Pete's sharp and hasty command saved the brutal fellow from being mangled by those strong white teeth.

"Well," observed Kennedy later that morning as he sat on a box in front of Strobel's fireplace watching the fisherman and Pete's culinary operations with great interest. "We've bagged the whole bunch of them in fine style, and now the question is what's the next step to take."

The fisherman was busy putting the coffee in the pot, and Pete was turning the sizzling bacon in the frying-pan. The prisoners, made fast hand and

foot, lay in plain view from the door, but out of hearing.

"The Evangel stops at East Sound at two o'clock to-day on her way back to Port Townsend."

"We'll have to hustle to catch her," commented Pete's father, "for there's not a breath of wind."

"What's the matter with our taking our time, and sailing back to Port Townsend in the sloop? She is probably stolen from somebody in the lower sound, and we may just as well take her back as far as we go," said Kennedy.

"That plan suits me first-rate!" said Pete.

"Well," observed Mr. Graignic, "as you'll have Pete and Jimmy, you won't need me. So I'll stay at home where I've got plenty to do at zis season."

"All right," answered Kennedy. "We can go it alone, I reckon, Pete. And the dog is as good as two men."

"What are you going to do wiz Strobel's whale-boat?" asked the fisherman.

"Why, I suppose we'll confiscate it. Long Tom's confession shows that it has been used in smuggling. It'll be sold at auction in Port Townsend, and probably bring about five dollars."

"I'd give five for it mighty quick," said Mr. Graignic. "I need just such a boat."

"Then take it," said the revenue man, "but don't get out your money. I reckon the department owes you more than that. I'll fix it up with the Collector."

"Well," said the fisherman, "I wasn't begging, but if you zink I am entitled to it, I'll take it. It's a staunch cedar, clinker-built boat, and will do for me finely."

"Don't let Strobel take it away from you when he gets out of quod, for tho' he probably stole it in the first place, he'll think he has a claim on it," cautioned Kennedy.

"If he gets zat boat again you may say a German is smarter zan a Frenchman."

"That settles it!" cried the officer. "I forgot about the nationalities. You frog-eaters don't like sourkraut, do you?"

While breakfast was being eaten, Kennedy resumed:

"I am rather puzzled to know what to do with Long Tom. I want his evidence to convict Strobel, and Black Sam of smuggling so that precious pair can be sent to McNiel's island to keep company with their friends Kelley and McGovern; but he was guilty himself, and I don't want him sent up."

"Why don't you charge the two with arson and criminal assault?" asked Pete. "They tried to burn our barn, and Strobel would have shot you if you hadn't knocked him down."

"Say, Pete! That's a first-rate idea. I shouldn't wonder if I could get them a couple of years apiece in the State penitentiary on that charge, and with the evidence we have, it would be easier to convict

them of that than of smuggling, for we caught them in the act."

"Yes," said the fisherman, "and what will you do wiz Long Tom? Poor fellow! I have no grudge against him."

"I'll just let him escape quietly. I suppose it looks something like compounding a felony, but nobody will know about it except you two, for I won't even take Jimmy into my confidence. Not that he would split, but he drinks too much Scotch whuskey at times, and he might let it out when he's mellow. Well, then we may as well go over to your house, Mr. Graignic, we've done our business here. We'll stay there to-night, and I'll give Long Tom a couple of dollars and let him run."

"He can take my old dingy," said the fisherman, "and make his way to Whatcom, where he'll probably find work, if he wants it."

"Yes," rejoined Kennedy, "he won't want to go back to British Columbia yet awhile for fear of being picked up as a deserter from the Monarch."

They reached the fisherman's house about nine o'clock. Jimmy was feeding Strobel and Black Sam when they came in. Long Tom felt better, and his wound was healing finely from the first attention. He was very glad to see Kennedy again, for he had become greatly attached to him. Kelley and McGovern were locked in the cellar with their friends, and they were not so glad to meet each

other as they had expected to be. Captain Kennedy was rather inclined to be facetious over this fact, and his comments drew terrible oaths from both Kelley and Strobel, who did not accept their misfortunes as philosophically as McGovern and Black Sam. The king of the smugglers, and the German both seemed to feel greater resentment towards the fisherman and Captain Pete, than they did to the revenue man, although under the latter's stern rule they were not permitted to talk much. But they threatened both of them fiercely whenever they got an opportunity in Kennedy's absence. This did not however, worry either of the Graignics much, for both had good nerve, and they felt that in any case the rascals could not carry out their threats of vengeance for some years to come.

Pete went over soon after they landed, to the Thomas's to see his mother and the children. The Indian woman was greatly elated at this signal triumph over their enemies, and insisted on giving Pete a great deal more than his share of credit in the matter. When he told her that he was going to return to Port Townsend the next morning, and resume his studies, she did not make any of the remonstrances he had dreaded, but acquiesced willingly, and even gladly for she told Pete she had made up her mind that she wanted him to know everything the "Boston" men knew. She had fought the fight with her own heart, and conquered.

Pete was to be a great man, even if it separated him from her. And having made up her mind, she stuck to it with true Indian fortitude.

Kennedy had a conversation with Long Tom that afternoon, and from the latter's radiant face at its conclusion, it was evident that he was satisfied. The fisherman and his son each insisted on adding two dollars to those the revenue man gave Tom, and as he was absolutely penniless before, he now felt a comparatively rich man, and at least would have to do nothing dishonest in order to live for a few days. Then Kennedy gave him a letter to a friend in Whatcom through whom he would be apt to get employment. Altogether Long Tom felt as if he were being born again into a new life, and he not only promised faithfully to his friend that he would hereafter keep in the middle of the road, but devoutly determined to do his best to show that he was worth helping.

"Now," remarked Captain Pete, "as we have received Long Tom into favor I'd better introduce Dope to him. Where's Jimmy?"

"He's taking a walk on the beach. I told him that he might go for an hour," answered Mr. Graignic. "But what do you want to introduce Dope to Tom for?"

"So that he'll know him as a friend. You know Dope won't pay any attention to those to whom he is not properly introduced, and is inclined to look on everybody but acquaintances with suspicion, as

tho' they were possible enemies. Now if he didn't know Long Tom to be a friend of mine, instead of a prisoner, he probably wouldn't let him go away to-night."

Captain Kennedy nodded. He had known Dope in Port Townsend, and was aware of how he had been trained, but Mr. Graignic slapped his leg with his favorite gesture, and exclaimed:

"Well, I swear! I'm almost ready to believe zat dog has got a soul."

"He has," answered Pete calmly.

Then Dope was called, and Long Tom came out of his room. "Dope," said his master, "this is a friend of mine, Long Tom. Come and shake hands with him."

The mastiff stalked majestically up, sniffed Tom inquisitively to see that he was all right, and then solemnly held out his paw. Tom shook it somewhat gingerly, remembering the animal's fierceness the night of the attack.

"There, you're all right, Tom," affirmed Pete. "He's a friend of yours until death, and if you're in trouble he'll be on your side."

About an hour after dark Captain Kennedy put the little Scotchman on watch in front of the cellar, and shortly after said to Long Tom:

"Now, my man, go out by the front door here, so you won't be seen by Jimmy, and walk quietly down to the beach. There you'll find a skiff in the water. A good pair of oars are in it, and Mr. Graignic

makes you a present of it. Get in, and pull away to some other island. To-morrow you can find your way by daylight to Whatcom, which bears east from here. Ask your way of the ranchers if you get lost."

The rough sailor's cheek was flushed, and his voice choked as he said:

"Captain, you've been a good friend to me, God bless you, and so have you all. If any of you ever get into a tight squeeze, and I'm around to help you, I hope my right hand may rot if it don't strike a blow for you. Good-bye, gentlemen all."

The next moment he was gone, and shortly they heard an oar rumble in a rowlock.

"He's off," said Captain Pete, who had been rather affected by the man's emotion.

"Yes," replied Kennedy, "there's the making of a decent American citizen in that fellow."

"Anyone who can feel repentance and gratitude," concluded the fisherman, "has good in him. I zink he will be an honest man from now on."

"So do I!" agreed both the others.

"We'll let Jimmy discover he's gone in the morning," observed the revenue man, "and then after it's found he's taken the boat we'll agree that it's no use looking after him. By the way, I'm afraid he won't be able to pull much with that sore arm of his."

"Oh," answered the fisherman, "he'll be all right. I put an old sail in ze boat as well as ze oars, and

he's a shellback, and will contrive to take advantage of ze wind. No sailor pulls when zere's any wind. You might as well ask him to go afoot."

Jimmy came running to the friends at breakfast the next morning, all agog with the news of the escape of the prisoner. To say the truth, they all took the tidings mighty calmly, and the Scotchman could not fail to see that it did not worry them much. The little fellow was canny in his way, and he made up his mind that no very urgent attempt would be made to capture Long Tom, and as he said to himself "It was nane o' his pirn."

And now the preparations for the trip to Port Townsend began. The captives were brought up from the cellar, and handcuffed together so that if one tried to escape he would have to take all the others with him. Neither Kelley nor Strobel liked this method, and both were inclined to become refractory. But Kennedy paid no heed to their growls, and when Kelley made a show of resistance, the muscular officer seized him by the throat in a grip that made him gasp for breath, and giving him a severe shaking, said:

"Look here Bill Kelley, I'm going to take you to Port Townsend, and I'll do it humanely if you let me. But you've got to go, and if you give me any more trouble, I'll knock you down, and truss you up so you can't move hand or foot. Don't you open your rascally mouth again."

Kelley subsided, and it was well for him that he

did, for he had met in Captain Kennedy an opponent who could be just as ruthless as he himself was when he had the upper hand. Strobel also took counsel by what he heard, and there was no more trouble. The manacled men were seated under the half deck of the sloop, and Kennedy and Jimmy went to the halliards, and hoisted the sails, while Captain Pete took his old place at the tiller, with Dope lying at his feet, and wistfully eyeing the prisoners. As the sail caught the wind, and the boat gathered way, Kennedy sung out to the fisherman who stood on the shore watching them:

"Good-bye, Mr. Graignic, I'll look out for your share of the reward for these fellows, and send it up to you."

Pete called out:

"Good-bye Dad, till I come down again."

His father waved his hand, and they were off.

(As we leave the little halfbreed fisher boy of Puget Sound whose fortunes you have, I hope, followed with interest through these pages, he has gallantly fought his way amid adverse surroundings and conditions to a higher life, as well as defeated the enemies who encompassed him during the exciting struggle.

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